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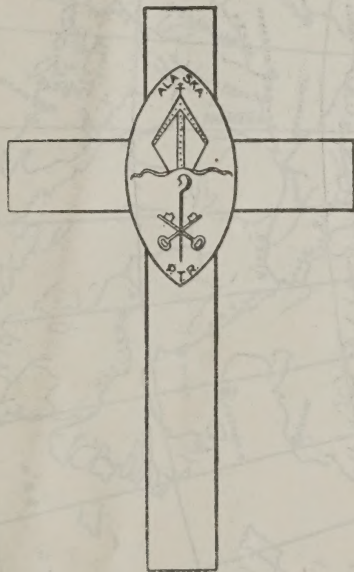
# The Alaskan Churchman

"O, ye frost and cold, bless ye the Lord: praise him and magnify him forever."

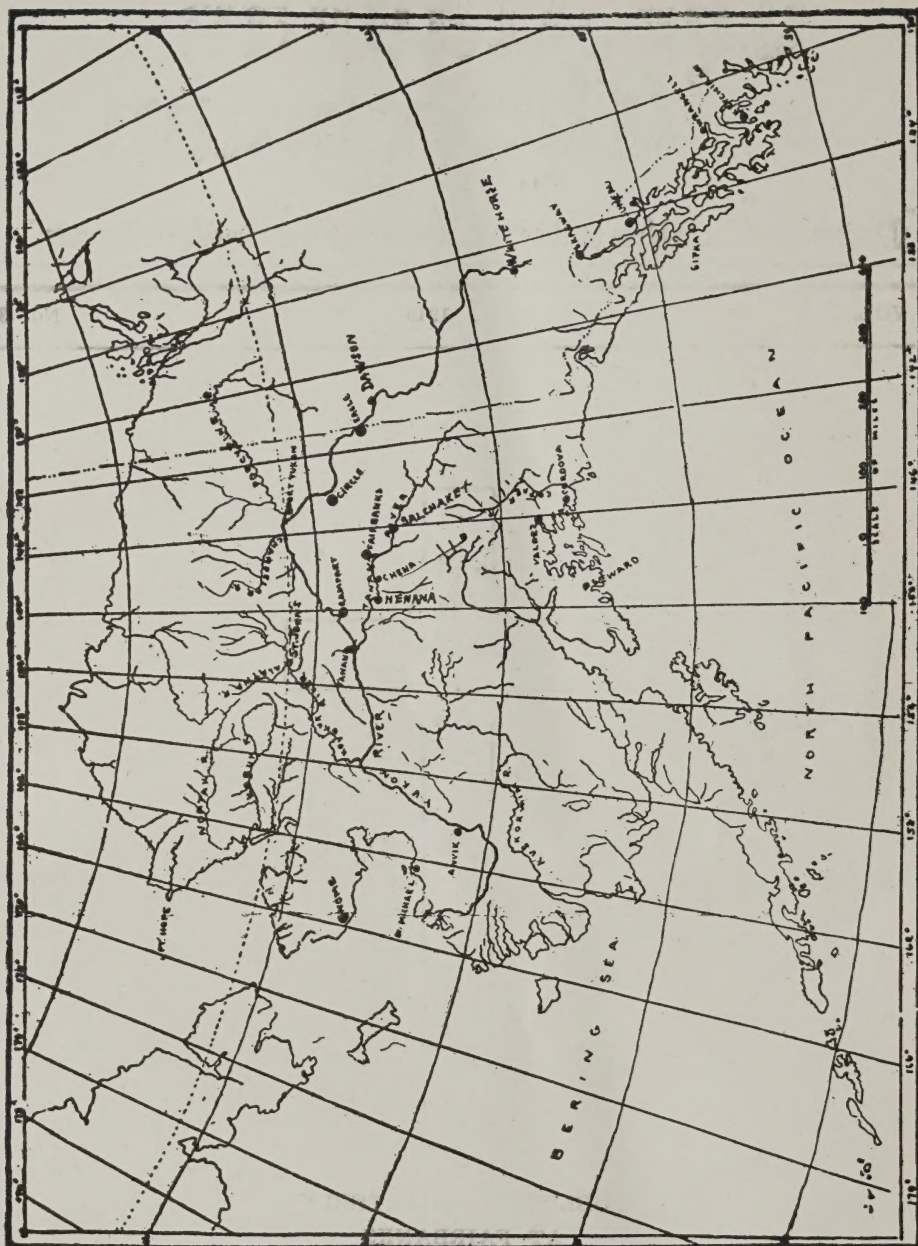
VOL. XIII

MAY, 1919

No. 3



PUBLISHED QUARTERLY  
AT FAIRBANKS  
IN THE INTERESTS OF THE  
CHURCH'S WORK IN  
ALASKA.









ST. JOHN'S-IN-THE-WILDERNESS, ALLAKAKET  
"SUNRISE"

June 21st at 12:27 A. M.

The Alatna Hills obstruct our view at midnight. (See Page 81)



## The Alaskan Churchman

Published Quarterly at Fairbanks, in the  
Interests of the Church's  
Work in Alaska.

REV. H. H. LUMPKIN,  
Editor and Publisher.

### Subscription Price, \$1.00 Per Year

Entered as second-class matter November 21, 1906, at the postoffice at Fairbanks, Alaska, under the act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

To the best of our knowledge the statements set forth in this paper are true to fact in every particular.

In using printed blanks be sure to write your name and address plainly. This will avoid mistakes and delay.

In sending change of address be sure to give the old as well as the new address. Make checks and money orders payable to The Alaskan Churchman.

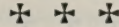
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MAY, 1919

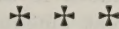
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A strong movement is on foot, in which many friends of Bishop Rowe's all over the United States will be interested, to make his twenty-fifth anniversary to the Episcopate one long to be remembered, by some definite expression of the love and esteem in which the whole of the Church holds him. This anniversary takes place on St. Andrew's Day, 1920. It was our hope to be able to give something more definite than just this notice in this number, but up to the time of going to press the information had not come to hand, although those interested in Alaska had been doing all they could to get it to the Editor. However, this will serve to give some idea of what is intended, and it will be our hope in a future number to give a concrete idea of just what is being planned. We do not need to say that the work of Bishop Rowe in Alaska has met with the approbation of the Church. His name is loved and revered all over the extent of our country and other countries as well. It will certainly be the case, that when the plan is proposed to the people of the Church they will be sure to take it up with enthusiasm and

carry it through to a full and successful conclusion.



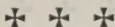
News has come in to us here of the death of the Reverend T. P. Howard. Mr. Howard was accepted for work by Bishop Rowe in the Anchorage district, having been formerly a Presbyterian minister, but did not live to be able to complete his studies and ordination. We have not been able to secure any details of his illness and death, but desire through the columns of The Alaskan Churchman to extend our deep sympathy to his wife and family.



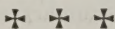
It was said by Bishop Lawrence, we believe, that in the Nation's need for men in the war, our Theological Seminaries were left "gloriously empty." And it was not that the men therein volunteered for work which would give them the name of service with none of its dangers. Rather it would be found that they went into the hardest fields of service. Such an one was Lieutenant Harold Colthurst Mills, a student in Berkeley Divinity School. Alaska is particularly interested in his career, in that the plan for his life's work embraced service in Alaska when his term of training in the Seminary was completed. His whole record is one that stands out as a man pre-eminently fitted to serve. When the war came on, he left the Seminary, and going to an officers' training school, won a commission. He was in the severe fighting at Chateau-Thierry and Belleau Wood, was wounded, and gave up his life, that we might live. Such a life deserves more than passing recognition, and it is the purpose of his fellow students to see that his memory is perpetuated. A fund is being raised to establish a scholarship at Berkeley Divinity School, which shall be open primarily for returning soldiers desirous of entering the ministry of the Church, and then for those who expect to go to the Mission field. The Rever-



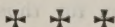
end H. J. Edwards, of Middletown, Connecticut, is the secretary of this fund.



Perhaps some of our much appreciated contributors to our magazine needs may wonder that they do not receive oftener our cards of acknowledgment. Many had become accustomed to receiving the "Dear Partner" cards, which were formerly sent out each month, and those whose names were on the outside cover of the magazines sent. We have just mailed a large batch of these cards. But they were the first in some months. The reason is this. The cost. We have no great amount on hand to pay the cost of postage, and since the increase in the postage rate to double the amount, we felt it best to discontinue the monthly acknowledgment, and send when we found that we could afford the required number of cards. This will be about a quarterly acknowledgment. But we appreciate the magazines all the same, and they are eagerly called for and read. We will send out our usual large number of copies to the Koyukuk district this summer, one of our most isolated districts, where reading matter is hard to secure, and where the men welcome it.



In the February issue, which will be sent along with this May issue, there is a somewhat small number of cuts used, although we feel that the excellence of the articles more than makes up for the lack of the pictures. But the fault was that when the first lot of pictures were lost in the mail, as we wrote you, some could not be replaced, and so we had to use the articles minus the pictures. But we think that all will agree with us that the variety and excellence of the illustrations in the May number will more than compensate for the lack of them in the February issue.



We have much to thank our subscrib-

ers for in many ways. But the response to the postcard which was sent out, giving the reason for the delay in the February and May issues, brought us more than ever reason to be grateful to them. Postcards and letters came back in reply, telling us that they felt the magazine worth waiting for, no matter if it were delayed. It helps a lot to receive such letters. We were naturally distressed over the delay, unavoidable as it was from this end. But to receive from our friends such assurances as came, went far toward helping over the trying time of waiting for the cuts to come, and to make us feel again your interest and thought of the work in Alaska.

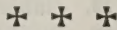


Owing to the indisposition of Archdeacon Stuck, which made it inadvisable to attempt to travel this winter, a number of his trips were made for him by Reverend Frederick B. Drane. To all who know Archdeacon Stuck, and his delight in the open, and the trail, and who realize that it is his first winter to be so hindered, this break in his work will lead to their full sympathy, and the hope that he will soon thoroughly be himself again. It was most fortunate that Mr. Drane could take the trail for him, and visit the isolated stations and carry to them the ministrations of the Church. Soon after Mr. Drane's return to his work at Nenana, he had to leave for our post at Tanana Crossing, which involves a trip of some two hundred and fifty miles, not, as is possible in the winter, along a river trail of ice, but over hill and down dale, though keeping for the most part to the high ridges, in order to avoid the spring break up, and the consequent softness of the summer trail. It is probable that it will be early June before he returns, so that if your letters to him go unanswered you will understand the reason therefor.



In Mr. Gerard's second volume on Germany, he quotes the fact as one of the mistakes made by Germany, that in every age and nation there are "men who will reject a bribe and die for an idea." That would seem to be particularly applicable to our own country. Not that we did not have profiteers; not that there were not those who would wring the last drop of blood out of their country to fatten their own living; not that among our own nation and people, there were not those who were willing to be false to their own land. But that in the great mass of Americans, those whom the German government had put down as being wholly immersed in money getting, and the pursuit of the dollar, there rose up literally millions of men and women, yes and children, who said, "My country is first of all, and most of all. Make any call, and we will strive to follow and to aid." So it came about, with this great principle of Idealism, National Service rose pre-eminent. It is easy just to say "we will die for an idea." Yet Americans said it, and not only said it but lived it. Idealism still holds its power for the people of America. Indeed, given the

choice, definitely and finally between Idealism and selfish seeking, we believe, nay, we feel certain, from past and present evidence, that the choice will be for Idealism. And say what you will, work out to its remotest possibility the cold, calculating figures of material plan and purpose, and match it against a simple ideal and enthusiasm, and the ideal will win out every time. Liberty is an ideal. Democracy is an ideal. Truth is an ideal. Justice is an ideal. Righteousness is an ideal. But though men fall short of their actual accomplishment, yet the Ideal in itself is mightier than any material purposing. We may fall short of the actual plan and hope which underlies our Governmental purposes, but if we maintain our ideal, and if we serve our Government and the people of our land in that spirit, Idealism and National Service may go hand in hand, striving to work out ever better things for our land. Remember, it was an ideal which found its culmination on Calvary's brow, but an ideal which as one has said, "Turned the stream of centuries out of its channel, and still governs the ages."



## NOTES

### Anvik.

An interesting note from Dr. Chapman, is as follows:

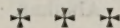
The outstanding feature is the change in the working force. Mr. and Mrs. McConnell have retired, as well as Thomas Reed. The U. S. Army has claimed the two gentlemen, and our sincere good wishes follow them.

The retirement of Mrs. McConnell marks the close of sixteen years of faithful service. We cannot but recall the twenty years' service of Sister Bertha, and we are thankful for a record so unusual.

We were most fortunate. in these dis-

turbed times, to be able to secure the services of Mrs. Walter E. Cochran in Mrs. McConnell's place, although opportunity came as the result of a loss to Mrs. Cochran in the death of her husband, which was a loss to the whole community as well, and indeed to Alaska. Mrs. Cochran's coming to us tides us over the present winter. Deaconess Sterne, to our great comfort, remains with us.

The school is as full as our resources and accommodations will justify. There are twenty boarding pupils.



Building has been almost at a stand-

still during the summer for want of competent help. Nevertheless, our kind hearted neighbor, Mr. Chase, has been able to give us part of his time, and we have made some progress. The saw-mill has been repaired and partly reconstructed and operated. Also, an excellent cellar has been made under the infirmary, and the interior of the building has been finished and painted.

A supply of fuel has been secured, with no little effort and some anxiety as to the result. The gardens yielded a ton of vegetables.

Much to our relief our supplies from Seattle reached us in good condition, and we are facing the winter with good prospects.

I am sincerely yours,

JOHN W. CHAPMAN.

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## Juneau.

On June 19, 1919, the Reverend Guy D. Christian, dean of the cathedral, will celebrate his tenth anniversary to the priesthood. Most of these ten years have been spent in the Alaskan Mission, as he served five years at Nome before coming back after his furlough year to Juneau. Dean Christian was priested by Bishop Gibson on June 19, 1909, at Virginia Theological Seminary, having previously done mission work at Virginia stations. He then served one year as assistant at Grace Church, New York City, from whence he came to the Alaskan field. Spending his furlough year in study at Oxford, England, he returned to the Alaskan field, and took up the work in 1915 at Juneau and adjacent stations. Since being at Juneau the Reverend Mr. Christian has had charge of the Pension Fund campaign in Alaska, and also has delivered lectures at the Oregon Summer School. A Celebration of the Eucharist will be held at the Cathedral at Juneau on June 19, and Dean Christian asks the prayers of all Alaskan workers and friends at that time.

It may seem a far cry from St. Matthew's, Fairbanks, to the great Cathedral of St. John the Divine in New York City, yet the fact remains that there is a tie of unusual interest which binds St. Matthew's to that great structure and organization. For in the body of white robed choristers who daily chant God's praises in that wondrous Temple, there are two who have come from this little log Church, away up here in Alaska. Their voices first were raised in song in the walls of this little Church, and both were given the opportunity to attempt to make good in the Choir of St. John the Divine, which both did. So that we may well say that there is a bond which unites us, though few outside of the choir authorities of the Cathedral probably realize that this is true.

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## Ketchikan.

Annual Report Arthur Yates Memorial Hospital, Ketchikan, Alaska:

Number of patients during 1918....	135
Births .....	16
Deaths .....	11
Hospital days' of service .....	1849

Owing to the advanced prices of food, labor, and surgical supplies, we were running in debt daily until the local cannery men took the matter up. They raised one thousand dollars for the hospital, which enabled us to pay our debts, carry on our work without raising rates, and also gave us a balance in the bank to start on the New Year. In former years we have always had a deficit, at one time \$1,900.00.

Annual report of St. John's Guild, white, Ketchikan, Alaska:

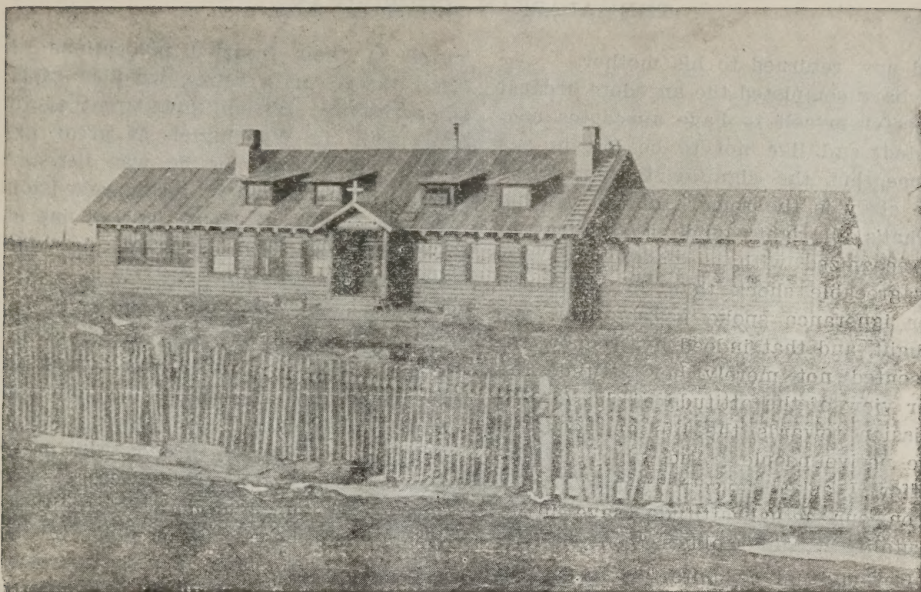
Balance on hand 1918 .....	\$ 163.32
Exhibit of arts in June .....	39.70
Annual sale November .....	171.70

—————  
\$374.72

Expenditures in 1918. .... 147.58

—————  
Balance on hand 1919 .....\$227.17.

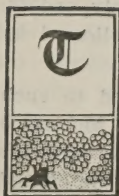




ST. STEPHEN'S HOSPITAL

## St. Stephen's Hospital, Fort Yukon, Alaska

(Republished by Permission)



HERE was a widow woman at Fort Yukon, since the establishment of St. Stephen's Hospital and the institution of periodic examinations of all the children of the village, who had a twelve-year-old boy with incipient tuberculosis. Dr. Burke found a pulmonary lesion, and insisted that he come at once out of the close dirty cabin which was his home, into the tuberculosis ward of the hospital with its fresh-air regimen. The boy gained weight and improved remarkably, but when he was strong enough to work again, though not free of danger of relapse, the mother demanded his return and was deaf to the doctor's remonstrances. So it came to me as the native court of last resort, and I sent for the woman. Deliberate-

ly and clearly I laid before her that if the boy went back to the irregular meals and hours, and the crowded dirty cabin where he had contracted the infection, he would almost certainly grow sick again, and would probably die. She made an answer that was very significant to me and that I have often thought of since. She said: "That's all right; quick go to heaven." It came with something of a shock, and nonplussed me for a moment. Then my indignation having gained momentum, I told her that the boy might go to heaven, but that she would not; for that if she took him away and he died, I would stand before God's judgment seat and denounce her as the murderer of her child, and that she would be sent to a very different place. The boy stayed and is well and strong today,



and now returned to his mother.

I have completed the anecdote because I prefer myself to have anecdotes completed, and like not to be left in suspense, but the significant thing about the story is the remark of the woman: "That's all right; quick go to heaven." I recognized with a second and more disagreeable shock that the woman in her ignorance spoke as she had been taught, and that indeed her remark represented not merely her attitude, but her view of the attitude of the Alaskan mission towards the life and death of the native people. And wherein did it differ, I asked myself, from what had been our actual attitude, save in the brutality of its frankness?

It would not be quite fair to say that when this Church began work in Alaska we cared nothing for the physical welfare of the native people, for, from the first, we set down a trained nurse with a few drugs and bandages here and there, and she usually made some shift to provide a spare bed in her cabin for a patient; and certainly it has been my privilege to see enough, and I think, to say enough, of the ministrations of these devoted women to be free of any charge of disparaging them.

But when, after awhile, we began to gather figures of births and deaths over a period of years, it was evident that disease was threatening the race, and that one nurse with a few drugs and bandages here and there was a poor bulwark against that threat. We came gradually but surely to a realization that our native people were dying off under our hands.

It is certainly not true that we regarded that situation with apathy, or any sort of equanimity. It disturbed us and worried us. We talked about the duty of the government, and began a series of appeals to the government, in its head and members, to come to the medical relief of the Indians;—with as much result as the prophets of Baal se-

cured in their frenzied invocations of their deity. In a sense, we also gashed ourselves. Bishop Rowe went again and again to Washington at great expense, and sometimes he was listened to apparently "with incomprehension and respect," as O. Henry says of one of his characters, and sometimes he was not listened to at all.

So here we were, going on with our preaching, going on with our teaching, a nurse here and there going on with her bandaging—and the people going on dying. Gradually the villages were dwindling and the graveyards were growing. The graves had crosses on them, it is true, and many of their occupants had been laid in them in the sure and certain hope of a joyful resurrection. But was that all our charge and our care? Was a people destroyed from off the face of the land in which God planted them ages ago with the command to increase and multiply, to be the result of our labors? Was "quick go to heaven" the motto of our mission? Were we sent here to fill consecrated graveyards? Was I, in a word, mainly a sort of sexton in holy orders, carrying aloft the viaticum, followed by mattock and spade?

I could never bend my mind to such dismal theology. It smacked too much of what I have read of the Spanish conquistadores, whose soldiers butchered as fast as the padres baptized. Indeed the swift cold steel seemed more merciful than the continuous lincination of pneumonia, the incredible prolonged emaciation of phthisis, the terrible infantile sufferings of inherited venereal disease—that shameful plague brought hither by the white man. I wanted live Christians and not dead ones. I saw no reason, and today I see no reason, why the Indian should not flourish and multiply in this interior country of Alaska.

The thing came to an issue one summer when Bishop Rowe and I were





ST. STEPHEN'S MISSION

cruising on the "Pelican" from mission to mission,—those happy occasions of uninterrupted leisure during which so many things are thrashed out.

Spread before us were the figures gathered from Eagle, Circle, Fort Yukon, Stephen's Village, Rampart, Tanana (to speak of this region only), for five years past, and, at place after place, year after year, was preponderance of deaths over births. And we knew perfectly well that a large proportion of those deaths was medically preventible.

What was to be done about it? There was no use playing with the thing, or dabbling around with analgesics and palliatives; the situation as a whole must be faced, the needs met, whatever the cost, and we knew the cost would be great. The cost of not doing it, would, as we reckoned, be infinitely greater. Then and there we determined to appeal to the Church for the means of coping with the whole situation.

The Church heard and answered; heard, as I think she hears every earnest appeal; answered as I think she always answers when a great need is made manifest;—and I grow prouder of my priesthood in the Church when I

contemplate the readiness and generosity with which she came to the help of the natives of the Yukon. One result of this generosity is St. Stephen's Hospital at Fort Yukon.

Here we have had a physician in residence for some years. I left him out in my hurried sketch, to make my main point more forcible. Indeed in much of what I have written qualifications and modifications crowded clamorously upon me only to be brushed aside. I know better than anyone else how inaccurate and inadequate in detail this paper is; but it is just and true in the main. Some day when there is longer and fuller record of accomplishment to set forth, I may write "The Book of an Arctic Hospital," with pictures of the sick wrapped in bearskins and wolfskins, hauled in sleds and toboggans from hundreds of miles away; of interesting cripples grown whole again, and pretty, delicate, consumptive children gaining new strength and vigor; and then I shall have space to tell the whole story.

St. Stephen's Hospital at Fort Yukon has its full staff of a physician, two nurses and an orderly—though when

Mrs. Burke moves into her new house there will be need of a housekeeper or matron at the hospital.

While it is primarily a native hospital, and that primary purpose is always in mind, it does not refuse white patients. How could it, when there is nowhere else to go? For three hundred and fifty miles up the river, for three hundred and fifty miles down the river, in all the wide hinterland on both sides of the river, there is no other place, no other physician.

Already it has saved a number of lives, there is no question about that, lives of both whites and natives. In the first complete year of its occupation, from October 1916 to October 1917, it received eighty-five patients into its beds, of whom seventy-two were natives and thirteen whites. And apart from its "in-patient" work, there is a daily clinic maintained, at which, in the same period, eight hundred and eighty-seven "out-patients" were treated. In the enclosed ground at the rear of the hospital a row of tents stretches, where tuberculosis patients are kept in all but the severe winter weather. And one of the things the hospital still needs is a wide enclosed sleeping porch, which can also be used as a sun-porch, that these consumptive patients (they are chiefly children in the early stages of the disease) may have the warmth of the ward for dressing, and undressing, and for necessary occasions arising at night, and may still sleep out of doors.

For the support of St. Stephen's Hospital, the Board of Missions makes the following annual appropriation:

One physician .....	\$1,500
Two nurses .....	1,400
One orderly .....	600
For maintenance and supplies..	1,600

This amount, however, is insufficient. Last year the fuel alone at St. Stephen's Hospital cost more than \$1,000. With the thermometer standing between 50 degrees and 60 degrees below zero dur-

ing a part of every winter, the two great furnaces have to be kept at full blast day and night, and they simply eat up wood. It is no easy or inexpensive task to maintain a hospital in the Arctic regions.

Difficult and expensive though it be, I was never more sure of anything in my life that it is well worth while. It means that Indians who would otherwise be sleeping in the graveyard are alive and well today. It means that we have definitely set our hands, with every prospect of success, to the task of coping with disease and death amongst them. It means new hope for the race.

We have put behind us the dreadful "quick go to heaven" attitude. We have taken up our burden—would that we could have taken it up years ago—the burden of caring for the bodily as well as the spiritual health of our people. For they are our people, all of them; they know nothing of any other Church on fifteen hundred miles of the Yukon than the American Episcopal Church and the Church of England, and there is not an unbaptized person amongst them, older than a new-born babe, that there has not yet been time to take to a mission.

I have never had any doubt that the Church would maintain this work she has established if the need were kept before her, and it is to keep the need before her that I am writing. We estimate that in addition to the grant from the Board, another \$2,000 per annum is required for the support of St. Stephen's Hospital.

There must, I think, be a glow of satisfaction in the hearts of men and women throughout the land at the thought that the Church of their love has stretched her healing hand even into the frigid zone, because there also were her children who were perishing; has set up this house of mercy in the midst of the ice and the cold, in the Name of her All-Merciful God. The government was sleeping and must be waked, and we



unable to wake it. The Church heard our voice. The Church enfolded these scattered people in the arms of her compassion, heedful of the words of her

Lord: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto Me."

The Venerable HUDSON STUCK, D. D.



Note: Contributions for the support of St. Stephen's Hospital, Fort Yukon, may be sent through The Alaskan Churchman, Fairbanks, Alaska, or the

Board of Missions, 281 Fourth Avenue, New York City. Please mention that you read the article in The Alaskan Churchman.



## The Trail to Point Hope

(Written for The Alaskan Churchman.)



HERE is only one easy way to reach Point Hope! Each year in August the United States coast guard cutter "Bear" makes the trip up the Arctic coast as far as Point Barrow. Those who are interested in working

among the Eskimos are sometimes permitted by the captain to travel on the boat. After an invigorating four-day voyage Point Hope is reached. The only alternative, in case you arrive in Nome after the "Bear" has made her trip, is to travel on a small gasoline boat which carries the mail between Nome and Kotzebue. This little boat struggles up the coast by day and lies at anchor under the shelter of the Arctic mountains at night. If there is no fog and you are fortunate enough to be able to stay out on deck, you can enjoy a rare scene as the sky casts its diverse colors on Cape Prince of Wales in the distance. Usually the sea is so rough that the only means of avoiding the cold waves is by remaining in the cold quarters below. There the air is heavily laden with gasoline fumes which added to the decided motion of the ship makes life wretched. Six, seven or even eight days often pass in this manner before Kotzebue is reached. If you should ask a native of Kotzebue the

quickest way to Point Hope, he would doubtless reply "an-gu-yuk" which is Eskimo for "paddle." In fact, the only way to make the trip if the trail has not yet become passable, is in a native skin-boat or "umiak." This mode of travel, although exhilarating, is uncertain and dangerous. Should a storm blow up, you would have to camp on the beach exposed to the cold, as a skin-boat does not furnish much protection. The ice comes in around the northern coast, long before the first trail is broken by the mail man. If you are traveling at this time there is nothing to do but to wait patiently for several weeks until you are certain that the remaining two hundred miles can be covered by dogteam.

We have just reached Point Hope, having traveled with twenty-four dogs, two strong, flexible sleds, and enough warm furs to combat the insidious enemy of the trail—frost bite. We started away over the sea ice from Kotzebue, in the eerie, blue starlight of an Arctic winter morning. The sun was visible for only an hour at noon but for hours before sunrise and after sunset, the earth and sky were glorified by the ever-changing reflections. On the first morning we saw a curious phenomenon, five sun-dogs or refractions of the sun in the sky at one time. Knowing the sun-dogs are forerunners of a drop in

temperature, we were not glad to see them. By the time we had been exposed to the wind for twelve hours, we suffered from the intense cold. When appeared a bright Aurora. Banners of light rushing along a waving streak with all the rainbow hues flashing through them. At length, the vision seemed to break into a pure, white light falling like the mist of a fountain directly above our heads. This was a glimpse of the "curtain Aurora."

After we had rounded Cape Krusenstern in the darkness, our trail led along the jagged shore ice. The careful watching necessary to keep the sleds from sliding too close to this perilous ledge produced a severe nervous strain. For hours this continued and we began to fear we had missed the igloo at Killigmak. Suddenly the dogs quickened their pace and before long we discerned what they had, the low shadowed outline of a cabin. Soon we were very happy and comfortable. The dogs were unhitched, fed, and our own supper of beans and reindeer steaks was sizzling on the little stove. How delicious our food tasted and what quantities we had! But there was not a scrap wasted! The native family had quietly withdrawn to one corner of the room, after having welcomed us with hearty smiles and numerous handshakes. As soon as we had finished eating, they grouped themselves around the crude board, six inches above the ground, which served admirably as a table, and the remains of our supper disappeared with incredible rapidity!

After a sound five hour sleep, we were off again. On and on we traveled, lessening the distance between us and our destination by very slow degrees.

A pleasant break in our journey was made at Kivalina where we spent Thanksgiving Day. More than one hundred and fifty Eskimos gathered together for the morning service. After that the children played in the snow, build-



ONE "PITCH" OF CAPE THOMPSON

ing snow houses, running three-legged races, and holding jumping contests; the men talked about their hunting, trapping, and reindeer, while the women prepared huge tubs full of muktuk (skin of the whale) and uguruk (seal meat) for their great feast.

The night after we left Kivalina, we spent in a deserted igloo, trying to escape a dangerous wind. It was a typical Eskimo dwelling built of driftwood and tundra, deep into the ground. A narrow black passage, long and damp led into a room. We could not stand upright except in one spot under the skylight or door in the roof, covered with seal gut. When the snow drifts over the house as it does later in the winter, the only means of entering an igloo is by crawling through this hole. We threw our sleeping bags on top of twigs which were strewn upon the



ground and built a fire in the small sheet-iron stove. Soon the shelter began to drip like a tree after a shower. The frost on the grass overhead could not withstand the warmth given out by that little stove in spite of its rusty condition and holes. By the time we were ready to sleep the moisture had dried. Outside the wind raged and howled but we were very snug. We dreaded to leave our shelter but we knew that the wind was likely to continue just as furiously for weeks without stopping. Besides we faced the possibility of being caught without food for ourselves or our dogs if we delayed!

The trail led along the beach within six feet of the open water. The wind swept us on the verge of the sea many times. Where the trail was glare ice our only protection was a low border of shore ice which caught and held the sleds until the dogs could regain their footing. Had a tow line broken, or had

a sudden gust of wind veered our sleds at one of these points we would have plunged into the black water ahead, thick with slush ice. Cape Thompson loomed ahead of us through the white clouds of snow swept by the wind. We knew that just beyond lay Point Hope. Our courage was strengthened by the thoughts of "home" in two days. When the ice is "in" the trail leads around Cape Thompson, but we were forced to climb up over it. When we reached the summit, the sky was aglow with sunset colors. Point Hope stretched far out like a deep purple bar into the blue Arctic Ocean. The descent of the steep side of the Cape was thrilling. It was veritably our "last dash!" We reached St. Thomas's Mission about midnight on December first. All of our perils and dangers were soon forgotten in the joy of "homecoming" and seeing the happy Point Hope Eskimos.

VIRGINIA THOMAS.



## After Two Years

(Written for The Alaskan Churchman.)



T was with much trepidation that I faced my first day of school at St. Mark's Mission, Nenana. For though I had been a teacher in one of the large "Outside" cities for fifteen years, and in that time had taught all of the grades, still I had never taught them all at once. And furthermore, I knew nothing about Indian children, but expected they would be very different from white children. It is true that I have found them different—very different—but the difference is all on the credit side. With my second year at St. Mark's half gone, I can say that of all my many years' experience, these have been the happiest.

No doubt the reader will wish my reasons for this opinion, and it may be

stated briefly—these children wish to learn. Any one who has had charge of a school room containing from thirty to fifty children knows what a teacher means when she speaks of the "spirit" of the children. It is this "spirit" here at St. Mark's that has made the teaching so pleasant. So often in a large system one feels that teacher and pupils are having a "tug of war"—the teacher at one end and the pupils at the other. Here the school life might be represented by a boat race—all pulling together. Do not misunderstand and think I am calling St. Mark's children models. Far from it. They are strong, healthy, happy, fun-loving and mischievous boys and girls. But the naughtiness which results is never malicious and even a teacher can condone such.

At present we have at the Mission



A SUNSHINY SET OF CHILDREN

twenty-three children, fourteen of whom are boys. All of the grades are represented with the exception of the Fourth. I have followed as closely as was practicable the course of study I used in Chicago and I have found that the work done by these children compares most favorably with that accomplished outside. The one exception to this statement might be the subject of reading. The children are very diffident and this shyness leads them to read very indistinctly, though as a rule they pronounce correctly. This will gradually wear away as they become more familiar with the printed page.

Each one of the twenty-three children has some characteristic which makes him particularly attractive. Our newest comer won every one's heart with his pretty smile and I gave him the name of "Sunny Jim." When he is able to read or write a new word his face fairly beams, he is so delighted. Another of our beginners is proving to be an omnivorous reader. His first request

upon entering a room is "Please may I look at the books?" And it is astonishing the amount he absorbs from the pictures. Though actually reading from the First Reader, he uses his spare time in perusing the Literary Digest. These children as a rule are not at all demonstrative. But one of the smaller boys is exceedingly affectionate and is not ashamed to show it. He never approaches one of us without snuggling up close and if possible he slips his hand into ours. And his manners are worthy of a Chesterfield. When he says "Good morning" or "Good night" I feel as if I really ought to make him an old-time courtesy.

Thus I might continue throughout the list but the reader may lack my interest. So I will close by repeating one of my earlier statements—That of all my many years of teaching, these two years at St. Mark's Mission have been by far the most interesting, the pleasantest, and the most worth while.

IRMA RUTH DAYTON.





THE SCHOOL CHILDREN IN THE VILLAGE AT "BREAKUP TIME"

## A Summer at St.-John's-in-the-Wilderness

(Written for The Alaskan Churchman.)



LLAKAKET is about eleven miles north of the Arctic Circle on the Koyukuk River, a quarter of a mile below the mouth of the Alatna River, from which the village received its name.

However, do not think that we do not have summertime here, for we do. After our long cold winter even a temperature of from 16 to 20 degrees above zero seems in late spring almost unbearable to me but this would be so with anyone to whom a temperature of 30 degrees below had been most agreeable. I shall not dwell on winter temperatures for it is of our summer that I wish to write you.

The beginning of our summer comes when the ice goes out of the river, and

that is any time from May 10 to May 27. This year it went out on the 27th which was six days later than had been recorded heretofore. The flow of ice in this place is usually for about four or five days. This year we expected very high water at the breakup and we had it. I really believe that our village would have been flooded had it not been for the overflow which came down the Alatna ten days before the ice went out. For these ten days we had a little river about three feet deep on top of the ice of the big river, which carried away a great amount of water. This year our spring was cold which gave us a good place to walk so long as we kept off the trails as there was a crust on the ice which enabled us to keep on top as long as there was a bit



SARAH

of the snow to be seen.

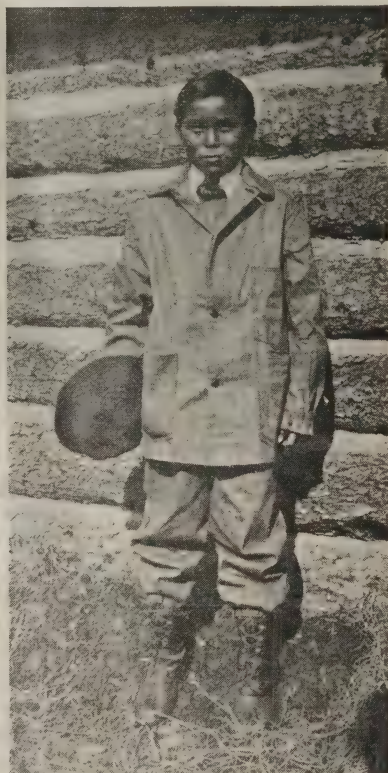
As the snowfall during the winter of 1917-18 was heavy, we had very high water that came right with the ice. The water was so high that it followed the ditches and flooded the lower garden even up to the door of our little greenhouse. The lower part of the village was flooded—not badly—but enough for rubber boots or mukluks to be the



THE NEW FLAG POLE

correct footwear. Yes, the missionaries have to wear them, too.

At the breakup time this year our school remained in session as there were 16 school children in the village at this time. As I was here alone at that time I found it not practical to keep the schoolhouse open so we had school in the kitchen of the Mission



EDWARD

Our Koyukuk Interpreter for the School cabin. It was hard to keep those little fellows in the house for a few hours when their chief desire was to be out in the wilds.

It was during this time that thoughts of our garden, to be, were much upon my mind. Each day I would try with the spade to see if it had thawed enough to have the men spade it up. At first 4, then 6, then 8 inches did not seem deep



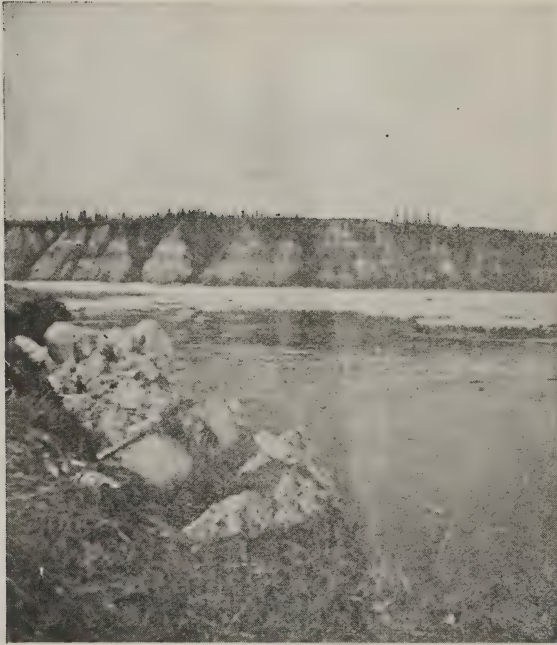


A KOYUKUK WOMAN BUSY TANNING HER CARIBOU SKINS

enough a thaw to be very encouraging for an excellent garden. But when, at last on June 2nd the spade went in 10 inches before it struck frozen earth I had the men begin the work. Really though the click of those spades on the frozen ground beneath sounded far from pleasant to the ear—but folks must not let small things discourage them in such a large country as Alaska. The soil was too wet to hoe but nothing daunting us the men and I worked on—for at best our season for the gardening is short. Then three men had stayed in the village just to help with the garden for their great desire was to be off for ducks and muskrats. The garden was about ready to plant when the first boat came up on June 5th, bringing Miss Koster back from Tanana, and I was indeed happy to have her with me again. At this time of the year we do not have it dark, so we sat up until all hours writing letters for the steamer "Reliance" to take to the Yukon to

mail for us. Then as soon as the boat had gone down we planted the garden, regardless of the low temperatures. The seeds came up and grew their second leaves; but such poor sick looking little yellow scrubs as they were, I had never seen before. We would look at them and almost mourn. However, after a frost on June 24 the temperature began to raise and the garden began to grow somewhat better. By the end of July we were eating some kohlrabi that we had transplanted from the little greenhouse and by the middle of August we were enjoying all the things that had been planted for if garden stuffs have a little chance they grow very rapidly as there is usually so much sunlight, or at least daylight, here.

During the summer we have one gala time, when all our people are home in the village from their spring hunting camps. That is the Fourth of July. At this time the natives from South Fork usually come down. (South Fork is



#### THE ICE GOING OUT

about 40 miles on up the Koyukuk river). This year there were about 140 natives here and they did have a very happy time. The native stays awake nearly all night in the summer so that their day does not begin very early. Their Fourth of July began this year at noonday with morning prayer and a short talk in the Church at which service every person in the village was present. (This is the usual occurrence here). Early in the evening when the sun began to get low (it sets near 10 p. m. at this time) we had races and play for everybody. Such fun as they all had either taking part in or watching the many races and sports. There were running races for all ages, three-legged race, canoe race, shooting with bows and arrows for the boys; and last but by no means least was the egg race for the women (real hens' eggs were given us by the store for this race.)

On the night of July 5th at about 8

o'clock all of the village men came to the Mission to put up our new flag pole which had been ready and waiting for this time. It was a fine sixty foot pole painted with several coats of white paint and surmounted by a gilded ball. I am sure we can safely say that it is the finest flag pole in this part of our big Territory. When the men had the work finished they were asked to go and get their cups and plates, and they all enjoyed a little lunch while seated around viewing their completed task. For many days it was no unusual sight to see the men go up and stand by the pole very gently smoothing it with their hands while talking. Our native people truly respect their flag and honor their country. Their interest in the war has been intense, and they have listened well to the news each month as we would get it. One of the older men, who speaks little English, when told that we were really at war said, "Me hopum Uncle Sam lickum German." (This last mail





**"ONARAUHK"**

(Kobuk for "Grandmother")

Delahatok is our oldest Kobuk woman

tells us that he has; and so we all say "Hurrah.")

The run of salmon began very late this year because of the late "breakup" so that our people stayed in the village much longer than is the custom. When the "run" did come they came in swarms. The people caught a great many so that they will not need for dried fish this winter or spring. It is good that it is so for "white grub" is so expensive and hard to get.

As the cold weather comes on the people begin to come back from their summer fish camps and by the time the river closes we have almost forgotten that we have had a little bit of summer except that we have some few potatoes, turnips, rutabagas and cabbages put away for our use this winter.

Our summers are not very eventful but there are always the native people coming from and going to their summer camps, and we are called on for many things.

Thus the summer of 1918 has gone for us here. Do I hear some one asking, "But what have you accomplished, and have your people come up to what you might have hoped for them?" How can one say? There is a simple sweetness about our people that keeps up one's faith in them and hope for them. One cannot live here among them without seeing a certain amount of goodness and what is that but "godness;" (I use the old English.) Our work is to "carry on" and pray to the Lord of the harvest that His love may enter into their hearts. It may not enter their hearts just as it does into yours or mine, but it surely does enter there. My greatest hope for these, God's people of the North, is that a prophet may rise amongst them, and then, understanding the different turns of the native mind may be able to give them the Gospel as they may receive it.

ELEANOR J. RIDGWAY.



**"SITSU"**

She is the grandmother of the greater part of our Koyukuk children

## A Letter to the Bishop

(Note: The Reverend W. A. Thomas sent us this copy of a letter written to Bishop Rowe descriptive of the trip made by himself and his sister, Miss Virginia Thomas, in order to reach Point Hope. He gave the Editor permission to use such portions as he saw fit and we have so thoroughly enjoyed reading it, that we give it herewith for the enjoyment of our readers. Editor.)

In a letter mailed at Candle I told you of our unforgettable trip on the gas-boat "Arctic" from Nome to Deering, of our stay in Deering, of the start from Deering by dog team—under circumstances which seemed most propitious for a quick run to Point Hope—and finally of our being overtaken in Candle by the Spanish influenza. Before I tell you of the situation as I found it at Point Hope on my return, let me sketch briefly the remainder of our trip hither.

We were quarantined in the house in which the first case appeared and it is owing entirely to the excellent measures for prevention, which Dr. Heimlich prescribed, and which we carefully took, that we ourselves escaped illness. The local Commissioner was the second to be taken down and his case determined the Board of Health to hold us in quarantine a little longer. With the disease spreading so rapidly and working such havoc wherever it went, I was more than anxious for the welfare of our people at Kivalina and Tigara, and being under appointment from Dr. Chace, the Health Office of the precinct, knew it was my business to be home and have the Mission ready to receive the sick should there prove to be need. They admitted the sense of the argument and we were again permitted to take up our travels.

In spite of the fact that we had both been under the doctor's care—I took advantage of the delay and underwent a

slight operation in the Candle Hospital—we were feeling in the best of health when we started north, so, with excellent dogs and the promise of fair weather, had every reason to expect a fast and interesting run. It was only fifteen below when we left Keewalik and we had the sun's cheerful rays for quite awhile in the middle of the day; very pleasant traveling. Then a wind sprang up as we were approaching Chamisse Island and it grew considerably colder so that parka hoods had to be drawn tight and backs bent to save our faces. The "speed dogs" of Candle proved to be not so speedy with loaded sleds on long runs and we made but poor time in spite of the fact that we had cached all but necessities at Deering. The trail was poor too. It became apparent that we would need more dogs on leaving Kotzebue. Some of our dogs were poorly coated to withstand the coast wind, causing us to lie over at Nilina's cabin the second day instead of driving against a gale that was blowing at twenty-five below. We could have made Kotzebue without much personal discomfort but the dogs cannot protect themselves as can men. The third day saw a falling of the wind and we made Kotzebue, by cutting inland behind Cape Blossom, in six hours' travel.

Kotzebue was under quarantine so we stopped on the outskirts of the village and "kept our distance" as much as possible altho we walked the beach and conversed with the people. Dr. Cook, who came in for the government last summer, was taking every precaution and, I have since learned, was successful in preventing the disease. There were no meetings of any kind held and when the mails arrived the carriers were isolated. I had with me the news bulletins up to the day before we left Candle and could also give an account of the various measures that were be-



ing taken at various points down the coast.

The day after our arrival (Sunday) was spent at rest and early Monday morning saw us crossing the Inlet bound for the Mainland. It was quite the best weather we had had and our prospects of sometime reaching our destination brightened considerably. Strengthened by the addition of another team and driver, we traveled fast. There were now twenty-four dogs in all, each with a good coat of hair. There is no place in Alaska for short-haired dogs! The wind set in from the north shortly after sundown and remained against us throughout the remaining five days of our trip. It was wicked at times and all except our passenger were touched severely by the frost. It was impossible to protect faces since it was necessary to keep close watch ahead. Nor was the frost our only enemy; several times the wind carried sleds, dogs, men and all, to the very edge of the narrow strip of shore ice upon which, owing to the gravel on the wind-swept beach and the nigger heads further back, it was necessary to travel. The foam flecked waters looked pretty dark and chilly at these times. There were many anxious hours but "all's well that ends well."

It was the eve of Thanksgiving Day when we reached Kivalina and the Wednesday evening Prayer Meeting was just breaking up. We were greeted with loud and enthusiastic cheering; a demonstration the more appreciated because so seldom encountered among the Eskimos. They were, however, no more happy to see us than were we to see them. On Thursday we all gathered in the school house for a fine service. There were over a hundred and fifty who came and remained for the big feast afterward.

Although the white teacher has been taken away from Kivalina, the school is doing well under the guidance of a native and the community as a whole is in good condition. I was with the

Reeses at this time last year and it seemed to me at that time their faithful and conscientious work was stamping the people permanently for good. This has proven to be the case and the spirit of these good souls is a force in Kivalina. "Mr. and Mrs. Reese he adriga!"

Leaving Kivalina on Friday morning we had three long days in. It was necessary to go over Cape Thompson and a long hard pull it proved to be. Travel was good on the lagoons and we made it into Point Hope by ten Sunday night. My first impression of the sandspit was that someone had swept off all the snow. The tundra showed up as black as in summer. "What a wind there has been here!" thought I. The Mission buildings loomed up through the darkness and I missed the Tower. On closer observation its ruins could be seen some twenty yards from its original base. The wind of Thanksgiving Day had completely destroyed it. The bell fortunately was not injured. I marvel that in such a gale as this must have been the roof of the Mission was not torn off or that some of the smaller buildings were not injured. Mr. Hoare's work stood the test! Much loose lumber, etc. was carried away but withal we escaped lightly.

The people are and have been well and happy. The hunting and trapping had been good when we arrived and continued so until Christmas. Since then we have had continued wind from the north which has hindered hunting and traveling. Christmas was a merry time for everybody and there was enough in the boxes to give each and everyone a substantial gift. Plenty of candy and peanuts for the children, too. The new Council of eight was elected, three of the old members being retained. It is, to my mind a good selection, and shows that the people had their minds on what they were doing. The new council has cleaned up every igloo in the village.

School is larger than ever. Forty-nine enrolled and it is not uncommon to have all but four or five out, even in bad weather. Bert Merrill, who did not go to Wrangel Island as he had planned, is talking of moving to the Point so that his three children can attend school.

Joe Tuckfield is quite well and vows he will write to you on this mail. About Christmas time he suffered his first illness in sixty years and not being used to such things as loss of appetite and sleep, became frightened. After insomnia, anorexia and odd pains and aches had harassed him for a week he came

down from the river and put himself wholly in my hands. This reckless act proves the degree of his terror. My sister's presence, excellent cooking, etc. with an occasional dash of enlivening music soon brot him around in spite of the medical attention he had subscribed for, and he returned home a week later to go around his trap line. When I go to Kivalina next week he will come over to help Virginia take care of the place. Your gift of flour was greatly appreciated as he will no doubt tell you in his letter.

The people all join with us in sending love, my dear Bishop.



## Fish Camps and a Canoe

(Written for The Alaskan Churchman.)



HE fish camp is the summer home of the Indian. It is also the place where he prepares his winter dog feed and puts up a large portion of the fall, winter and spring food for his family. For on the lower

half of the Tanana, as well as the greater part of the Yukon and Koyukuk, the summer and early fall run of salmon furnish, with the meat of the moose and caribou, the living of the Indian.

So in summer as a rule there are few of the Indians left around the Mission villages. They are scattered in camps for miles down river. Some of the camps may be less than a mile apart and some twenty-five or thirty miles distant from each other—depending on the suitability of the location for a fish wheel. In camp the Indian usually lives in a tent, although I have seen families who made their homes in the smoke houses. The open fire they would cook over would also furnish the smoke for curing the fish already sundried.

Of course there are strong smells

about these fish camps. But it is the smell of fish and it greets the nose of the visitor to any fish camp—white or native. One becomes accustomed to it if he lives near where fish are being put up and I think all Missionaries learn to ignore it. The tents for the most part are clean and the simple cooking of the Indians is also for the most part clean. Surely thorough boiling will kill any stray germs, so one may eat without fear.

To visit the fish camps of the Indians is part of the summer program of the Missionary priest. It may happen that only one visit is possible during the summer, yet we have always made one. The Indians seem to appreciate it, and the welcome received is always cordial. The Missionary is with the Indians all too seldom, for they are off in the hunting camps for the greater part of the winter, and perhaps as a tribe they are in the village only a month or two out of the year.

A call had come as I was busy finishing up sending off "thank yous" for the splendid packages of clothing sent in by various branches of the Woman's





OLD SILAS' PLACE ON BIG JOHN SLOUGH

Auxiliary. Little Fannie had died down at Big John Slough, (her case had long seemed hopeless) so they wished me to come down for the funeral. Big John, the father, was at the Chena Village, and he asked to go down with me. Here was where we were to use the canvas canoe, presented by the Missionary Chapter of the Church of Zion and St. Timothy in New York City. I have never ceased to be thankful for that canoe. It is used for many purposes, but I could not make any satisfactory down river trip without it.

Canoeing has its disadvantages, for the wind can hold back progress, and it is not to be compared with a motor boat for speed. But in a canoe, with fair weather given, progress is sure, and there is a freedom and independence about it that comes with no other means of travel. One has but to keep his seat and hold the course of the canoe out of the snags, drift-piles and sweepers, and with little effort at paddling a rate of from five to seven miles an hour is maintained—depending of course on the strength of the current. There are no dogs to urge on,

and no narrow trail to run off. There is no engine to balk and give trouble, and no fare to pay. There is independence and comparative ease, and when memories come back to me of hard, long grinds, perhaps breaking trail on snow shoes for the dogs, or perhaps of the sweat and toil of going over hill and across swamps with a heavy pack strapped on—well, I just let loose and sing, for canoeing is so different. But again canoeing has the disadvantage of being a down-stream proposition. When the last camp is visited, to return up-stream a steamer must be boarded, as it would take too long to pole up against the swift current of the river. At any rate that is only one fare, and with the canoe stops can be made anywhere.

But we were to go down to Old Silas' place on Big John Slough. This was only twenty-five or thirty miles down, and the trip was quickly made. We remained over night, held services, and the next day buried the child. The grief of her aged foster mother was very apparent, and her sobs were very touching. But she controlled herself, and, after the service, there was the

usual feast, which seems to be a sort of farewell to the departed and a means of consolation for the bereaved.

Big John remained at this camp, but Dick Albert wished to go down to Chief Thomas' camp, six miles below. So I had a companion again as I left. At Wood River John Paul was just waiting for the opportunity to go on down to Nenana, so after my short visit at the Wood River camp of Chief Thomas I had a companion again to Nenana, twenty odd miles further down.

Nenana is the site of our largest native work on the Tanana, the boarding school of Tortella Hall, of St. Mark's Mission. And here also is the largest native village on this river. I have since made my headquarters there, and from there I now make my trips. So we will drop the narration of the trip and take up the last one made.

I was to leave early the next morning and was over my head in work to be finished before leaving. Just at this juncture Abraham Albert came in. He had but a few minutes before arrived from his fish camp a hundred miles down river. After an exchange of greetings, his statement of how he happened to come up, and the request of the loan of a boat for a party on their way up river I told him I planned to leave in the morning on a visit to the fish camps, and in particular the camps of his section—the Kantishna region. At once he said, "I want to go with you." That would be fine, Abraham, but do you want to go back so soon?" "Oh, yes," he said. "I left my wife unexpectedly, and I promised to come back quick." Abraham was always a staunch friend of the Missionary, and he was also a man of some influence with the Indians. He could act as an interpreter, and I was only too glad to have him. Then again at this time of year the wind was blowing up-stream, and a man in the bow of the canoe was needed to hold her on the course.

So the next morning we were off. We passed many of the near fish camps before the Indians were out of bed. At Joe Martinez's we stopped, and (unless I forgot them on the start) gave him a bundle of magazines. We spent little time at the camps near Nenana as they had had the opportunity of coming up for services. But at each camp we would shake hands and inquire after the health of the people, see that everything was all right, and then pass on. It was Saturday, and we wished to make Tolovana, seventy miles from Nenana, there spend the night and remain over Sunday.

Now that we are "under way," let us examine the log book of the good ship "Cheloza," or perhaps the "Ginghe-trik." It says—Aug. 10th, 1918:

"Stop at first camp of Minto Indians. See Old Jimmie and Celia about taking their seven-year-old son Daniel to the Mission school at Nenana. They agree to let us keep him five years without asking for him, and understand that if he develops consumption or proves unsuited for the school we are to return him. Peter, Lena's seven-month infant, has bad looking afflictions on the neck. Give boric acid as an antiseptic bath, and insist on Peter's taking child to see doctor at Nenana. Give boric acid powder for eye wash for Agnes, Charlie and Old Celia.

"All camps report few fish. Small run even compared with last year.

"Stop at Minto village camp. See most of the people. Hurry on without holding service.

"Stop at Sutherland Bros. wood camp. Have a chat with Simpson staying there alone in absence of Sutherlands. Leave him some magazines. Push on.

"Make Tolovana at 10:30 p. m. Proceed to Chief Alexander's camp. Find he has regained use of left side after his stroke of paralysis the winter before. He at once tells us of the 'wild





#### ONE OF THE FISH CAMPS VISITED

man' he saw the night before. Dogs barking caused him to go out to look around. Sees this man stumbling along between his camp and the Tolovana. That at first he thought he was a white man. Watched him; finally called to him. The man, startled, pulled his hat over his face and ran off. The man disappeared. The next morning Alex can find no trace of him nor learn of any stranger in the neighborhood. Concludes it must be a 'wild man,' or perhaps a boy lost years before, now grown up and returned. He asks us to keep watch with him that night. We agree to do so. The missionary is not supposed to fear man nor devil and I was willing to take a chance on the 'wild man.' With great effort I wave the topic of conversation and introduce Culic books and have short prayers. Retire at 1 a. m. (The dogs barking were to be the signal for us to go watch for the wild man.)

"Sunday, August 11th.—Arise at 10 a. m. Prepare for service while others still sleep. Have Holy Communion at 1 p. m. Three receive. Peck, the operator from the telegraph station attends: Af-

ter service discuss various matters, mostly about fish, and also the native laws. Chief Alexander very anxious to stop the boys from gambling. Visit the Vachon's at their roadhouse and trading post. Go over to the telegraph station. Hear some of Peck's music. Remarks 'Seldom play this for company, but it is my favorite music.' The 'Ave Maria' and a great deal of the Russian Choir music.

"Conclude visit with Chief Alexander, have supper and hold farewell service. Leave at 7:30 p. m. for next camp. Reach Old Albert's, Abraham's father's place at 10 p. m. See all of his people. Have an excellent supper of dry meat boiled with rice and porcupine fat. Also have collards and hard bread served. Abraham tells of the 'wild man.' This starts Old Albert on lengthy stories about 'wild men' of Alaska. He was very good as a story teller, and while I could not understand the dialect still I could guess a great deal of the narrative. Finally after an hour of this I interrupt and call a service. All join in heartily. We talk over plans for the morrow. Abraham acts as manager for

me and we call a large meeting of all the people of that section at Old John Evans', ten or fifteen miles below. Plans completed, we retire. I am sleeping with Abraham under his mosquito net as I in some way imagined I could work my head net and get along with only my blankets. This night we slept in one of the cabins and have a fine spring bed.

"Monday, August 12.—Up at 7 a. m. Off at 9. Stop at Sam John's. Gather him, his family, Old Esau, John Jacob and their families. Meet at Old John Evan's. They prepare dinner, while Abraham goes over for his wife and Old Justin's family. By 1 p. m. we have a large gathering. When all have eaten and refreshed themselves with boiled salmon and blueberries, we hold a service in the big cabin of Old John's. An altar is arranged. I baptize two small children, and but for the fact the prospective groom was gone I would have performed a marriage ceremony. Celebrate the Holy Communion. It is the first time in over a year that many of these people have had the opportunity of receiving. There were thirteen to receive. After the service we discuss various subjects at length. Spend quite a while condemning mixed marriages, as I hear one of the girls has turned down her native suitors and wants a white man who, in addition to being a white man is old enough to be her father. Argue that it cannot work out right. The people are all agreed but the mother looks sideways. Suppose she knows the white man is always the best provider, and usually the kindest husband.

"Leave here about 7 p. m. for the camp of Titus Alexander. Reach there at 8:30 p. m. Find him, with his son Philip, repairing damage done at his homestead by the flood of May. Together we go to his fish camp across the river. Have supper and hold service. The tent is crowded so Abraham

and I hang up the mosquito net on a fish rack and spread our blankets on a canvas put down where the smoke fire has been. There is a strong smell of fish but plenty of fresh air.

"We are up at 6 a. m. and off by 8. Reach the camp of Simon and John James at the mouth of the Hot Springs slough at 10 a. m. The men are gone hunting. Hold service and baptize one child. All this time I am expecting the arrival of Archdeacon Stuck and the 'Pelican,' with whom I am to return to Nenana. He should have reached there just about that time. All through the service I have a look-out stationed to wave to him should he happen to take the other channel and not come by this camp. But we finish the service and wait indefinitely. In the afternoon Johnnie Folger, a half-breed, with his half-breed wife Jennie, and small son, came sailing along up stream with the strong wind behind them. They are from a fish camp six or eight miles further down.

"This is the first time I have seen a union of two half-breeds and certainly they seemed happy. They both were very proud of the son and seemed to be kind and thoughtful of each other.

"As the 'Pelican' does not loom in sight I settle down and take things easy. We gather again for service. Speak on the 'Efficacy of Prayer.' That if we can only trust God and give him wholehearted loyalty He will keep us in this life, and holds out to us the promise of the life beyond. The Indians listen attentively and I think for the most part they try to apply the things taught. But how sadly are they soaked in their old faith in the Medicine Man! They have a hard time differentiating the good from the bad and knowing how to give wholehearted loyalty to God. But the feeble efforts of some now will, we trust, help those to follow, to advance further on in the knowledge and practice of the teaching of the Saviour,





THEY GATHERED AT OLD JOHN EVAN'S PLACE

and if so our scattered visits will not have been in vain.

"At 10 p. m. the 'Pelican' drew in at the bank. Walter Harper, of beloved memory, was at the wheel and jumped out to throw the line to us. The gang plank out, we had the hearty greeting from the Archdeacon, and met the two Yukon boys he was bringing to Nenana for school. He greeted all, and we sat about the tent for a while, then at his invitation I went aboard the 'Pelican' for the night. In the morning we would say good-by to my good friends at the fish camp, and for me it would be the beginning of the return trip, as the Archdeacon could take both me and

the canoe and my companion Abraham back again, and how fine it was to be with him on that comfortable launch after the crude camp life!

"Abraham left us at his father's camp and within the next two days we were back at Nenana. So ended my most satisfactory visit to the fish camps. The gathering at Old John's was a real success and something we hope to see repeated again. The memories of these canoe trips, the Indians in their camps, and of the trip back on the 'Pelican' often come back to me and I look forward to the time when I can go again."

F. B. DRANE.



## NOTES

During the epidemic of influenza in Ketchikan last fall the Church school was offered to the Government as a hospital. This was accepted, and so used, although our excellent worker there in charge of the school, Mrs. Molineux, contracted the disease through nursing the Indians. She writes, however, of her full recovery, and of the fortunate fact that not many deaths occurred among the Indians at that point.

Old Salina's cabin burned down recently at Salchaket, and our worker there, Miss Jackson, said that it was most helpful to see how the other natives gave of their best to help old Salina get started again. So she soon told Miss Jackson that she was "No more solly. So much potlatch." But unfortunately she lost a pair of glasses which had been given her, and which she wore when sewing, and she said,

"No more eyes. Can't sew." Fortunately there were a number of pairs that had been sent in to the Mission at Fairbanks, and of these, several pairs were sent up for the Missionary to try on Old Salina, and see if any would help out. One pair in a beautiful red case won Salina's heart, and whether they fitted or not we cannot say, but at any rate, the red case won the day, and perhaps the glasses will help also. We hope so. She would take no other pair.



Usually the time of the breakup is a scene of more or less excitement in the interior. If the fall of snow has been normally heavy, there is apt to be a good run of ice. If it is abnormally heavy, there is a chance that it will pile up in some one of the bends of the streams, thus causing a flood, until the water gathers in force enough to carry the ice further down. In one of these jams some years ago, the front street of the town of Fairbanks was almost washed out. But when it happens as it did this year, and the snowfall is light, then there is no breakup to speak of. The ice simply gradually rots out, and leaves almost imperceptibly. But all are glad when the streams are clear.



### Acknowledgments

"While we have time, let us do good unto all men; and especially unto them that are of the household of faith."

The Alaskan Churchman gratefully acknowledges the receipt of the following:

General—Miss Olive Kennedy, \$5.00; Missionary Chapter, Horace Mann Teachers' College, by Miss A. R. Anderson, \$30.00; Miss E. J. Plympton, \$1.00; Miss Mary L. Whitman, \$1.00; Miss Hortense C. Nelson, \$10; Mrs. W. J. Mandeville, \$4.00; Sister Louise, \$10.00; Mrs. Thomas Hyde, \$4.00; Mrs. H. W. de Forest, for freight on magazines, \$15.00; previously acknowledged \$50.19.

Scholarships — Woman's Auxiliary,

Christ Church, Houston, Texas, by Mrs. A. E. Schaeffer, \$100.00; Mrs. Z. V. Hatch, \$20.00; Mrs. Jacob Mersereau, \$100; Miss S. H. Lindley, \$10; previously acknowledged, \$350.00.

Door and Window Fund—Mr. G. H. Roberts, Sr., Newberne, N. C., \$10.00; Woman's Auxiliary, Trinity Church, Parkersburgh, W. Va., \$15.00. Previously acknowledged, \$10.00.

Totals:

General .....	\$130.19
Scholarships .....	580.00
Door and Window Fund .....	35.00
Care of the sick .....	48.13
Total .....	\$793.32



### Appeals

Wanted, at St. Mark's Mission, Nenana, knitted stockings and yarn for knitting them. The girls have all learned to knit and enjoy doing it. These stockings wear much longer than those bought at stores, and so give the greatest satisfaction to the one who mends them, as well as the greatest comfort to the children who wear them.

2.—The sum of \$10 to pay for a door and two windows for a native cabin. One of the chief causes of illness is the crowding together of the people. Many cabins have been built, but more are being built each year, and we must have the doors and windows. To each Indian building his cabin the Alaskan Mission gives a door and two windows, which cost \$10 here.

3.—The sum of \$100 to provide for one Indian child for a year at Christ Church Mission, Anvik.

4.—The sum of \$100, to provide for one Indian child at St. Mark's Mission, Nenana, for one year.

5.—Books and magazines for the Red Dragon, Cordova, Everyman's Clubhouse, Valdez, All Saints' Church, Anchorage, and the Geo. C. Thomas Memorial Library, Fairbanks. Send all packages by mail, addressed as above.



## Representatives

The Alaskan Churchman is represented by the following persons, who are authorized to receive subscriptions and answer inquiries. We shall be glad to hear from any who would be willing, as missionary work, to act in this capacity:

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Bethlehem.	Miss Edna R. Madara, Mauch Chunk, Penn.	Pennsylvania.	Miss Ann Booth, Haverford.
California.	Rev. Frank P. Church, 1217 Sacramento St., San Francisco, Calif.	Rhode Island.	Mrs. Winslow Upton, 156 Cypress St. Providence.
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Fond du Lac.	Mrs. B. Talbot Rogers, Fond du Lac, Wis.		
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New Hampshire.	Mrs. Robert Alex. Southworth, Little Boars head.		
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New York City.	Miss Mabel V. Holgate, 419 W. 110th St., New York City.		
North Carolina	Miss Emma J. Hall, 809 N. Tryon St. Charlotte, N. C.		



## Standing Notices

MAIL—All Alaskan Post Offices, with the exception of a few of the most distant, receive unlimited quantities of all classes of mail in the Summer.

In the Winter, this same rule applies to all Coast towns as far North as Seward (other places, such as St. Michael, Nome, etc., are frozen in and therefore have to depend upon the land trails for their mail).

All points in the Interior that receive any mail in the Summer, receive some mail in the Winter, according to the particular contract. But, in all cases, first class mail is given preference over all other classes. Magazines and newspapers come next. Packages are never carried unless all other classes, combined, fail to bring up the total to the weight required. Those points which are fairly accessible receive at least a weekly mail. The Allakaket receives a monthly mail, and Fort Yukon has a twice-a-month service. Point Hope receives several mails during the Winter, via Nome, which has a weekly service. Anvik receives mail but once a month, being off the regular trail.

As a general rule, our advice is to mail any articles which your postmaster will accept. Once in the mails, they will eventually reach their destinations.

FREIGHT—All freight should be sent through the Bishop's agent in Seattle—Mr. A. H. Horton, 418 Mutual Life Building—who will cheerfully furnish particulars.

EXPRESS—There are offices of the Wells-Fargo Express Co. throughout Alaska. There is a great difference, however, between the rate in Summer and Winter. Be sure to have this fact clearly in mind when you consult your local agent.

NOTE—At any time we are only too glad to answer special queries to the best of our ability. Such matters will have immediate attention if addressed to The Alaskan Churchman, Fairbanks, Alaska.

## DIRECTORY OF ALASKAN WORKERS

### BISHOP

The Right Reverend Peter Trimble Rowe, D. D. (Office 418 Mutual Life Building, Seattle, Washington.)

### ARCHDEACON

The Venerable Hudson Stuck, D. D., (Residence at Fort Yukon.)

### MISSION STATIONS

Allakaket (P. O. address, Allakaket, via Tanana. Freight address, Allakaket, Koyukuk River)—St. John's-in-the-Wilderness:—  
Miss Eleanor Ridgway.  
Miss Koster.

Anchorage—All Saints' Church:—  
Rev. Edwin W. Hughes.

Anchorage—Outlying Camps, Railroad work, etc:—

Anvik—Christ Church Mission:—  
Rev. John W. Chapman.  
Deaconess A. G. Sterne.

Chena—St. Paul's Chapel:—  
(See Tanana Valley Mission.)

Chena Native Village—St. Barnabas'—(See Tanana Valley Mission):—

Chitina—(Visited from Cordova.)

Circle City—Church of the Heavenly Rest:—(Vacant.)

Cordova—The Red Dragon:—  
Rev. E. P. Ziegler.

Douglas Island—St. Luke's Church:—

Eagle—St. Paul's Mission:—  
Mr. George B. Burgess.

Fairbanks—St. Matthew's Church and Reading Room:—Camps Visited: Ester City, Chatanika, Livengood.  
Rev. H. H. Lumpkin.

Fort Yukon—St. Stephen's Mission:—  
Dr. Grafton Burke.  
Miss Nunevillar.  
Deaconess Mabel Pick.

Ketchikan—St. John's Church, Hospital and School:—  
Miss Barlow.  
Mrs. J. H. Molineux.  
Miss Edith Harper.

Juneau—Holy Trinity Cathedral:—  
Very Rev. Guy D. Christian, Dean.  
Camps Visited:—Thane and Perseverance.

Latouche—Visited from Valdez.

Nenana—St. Mark's Mission (see Tanana Valley Mission.)  
Miss Alice Wright.  
Miss B. B. Blacknell.  
Miss Irma Dayton.  
Arthur Wright.

Nome—St. Mary's Church:—

Point Hope (Tigara)—St. Thomas' Mission:—  
Rev. Wm. A. Thomas.  
Miss Virginia Thomas.

Rampart—St. Andrew's Mission:—Vacant.

Salchaket—St. Luke's Mission:—  
Miss Effie Jackson.

Seward—St. Peter's Church:—  
Rev. George John Zinn.

Sitka—St. Peter's-by-the-Sea:—  
Rev. George E. Howard.

Skagway—St. Saviour's Church:—  
Visited from Juneau.

Stephen's Village:—  
Miss Harriet M. Bedell.

Tanana—Mission of Our Saviour at Tanana (Indian Village) and St. James' Church at Tanana:—  
Blind Paul, Native Lay-Reader.

Tanana Crossing—St. Timothy's Mission—  
(See Tanana Valley Mission):—

Tanana Valley Mission—Including Native Missions along the Tanana River:—  
Office of Tanana Valley Mission, Nenana

Rev. Frederick B. Drane (P. O. address, Nenana.) See also Chena, Chena Native Village, Nenana, Salchaket, and Tanana Crossing.

Valdez—Epiphany Church:—  
Rev. George John Zinn.

Wrangell—St. Phillip's Mission:—  
Rev. H. P. Corser.

Missionaries on furlough in the States (address at the Church Missions House, 281 Fourth Avenue, New York City.)



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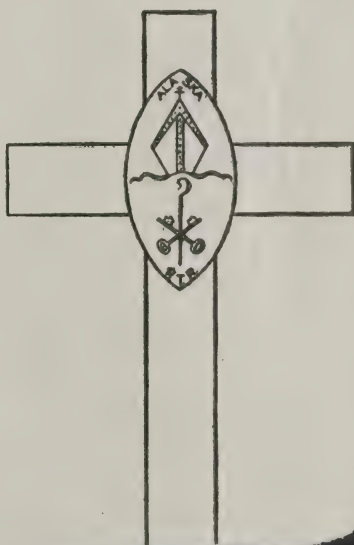
# The Alaskan Churchman

"O, ye frost and cold, bless ye the Lord: praise him and magnify him forever."

VOL. XIII

AUGUST, 1919

No. 4











INTERIOR OF ST. GEORGE'S CHURCH, CORDOVA.

(See Page 105.) Note the beautiful Altar Piece, a copy of Ruben's "Descent from the Cross" painted by the Rector, Rev. E. P. Ziegler.



## The Alaskan Churchman

Published Quarterly at Fairbanks, in the  
Interests of the Church's  
Work in Alaska.

REV. H. H. LUMPKIN,  
Editor and Publisher.

### Subscription Price, \$1.00 Per Year

Entered as second-class matter November 21, 1906, at the postoffice at Fairbanks, Alaska, under the act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

To the best of our knowledge the statements set forth in this paper are true to fact in every particular.

In using printed blanks be sure to write your name and address plainly. This will avoid mistakes and delay.

In sending change of address be sure to give the old as well as the new address. Make checks and money orders payable to The Alaskan Churchman.

### AUGUST, 1919

To say farewell is never easy. Especially if it be after some years of happy and helpful associations. Yet that is the lot of the editor in this issue. This number of The Alaskan Churchman marks the close of five years' of editorship, and so the end of the present editor's term of service. We have come to feel that each subscriber to The Alaskan Churchman is a personal friend. We have felt your interest, your thought, your helpfulness. Your letters have come, showing that interest, and making us feel that we had a very real place in your prayers, and in your thought of the Church's work. How can we thank you? Though we realize it is an almost impossible task, yet here it is. Across all the miles, and back through the five years of our association with The Alaskan Churchman, we bring up our full heart of thanks and tender all to the friends who have helped so splendidly to make the paper what it is. For rest assured, it has been your cheering words, your words of confidence, and of appreciation, that have stirred us on to do, as best we could, the work of this magazine.

Then to our loyal associates in the

work of The Alaskan Mission, we also tender our thanks. Your generous response whenever we sent out an editorial call for articles has been of the kind to make us feel your willingness to help. Without you and your co-operation the paper could never have been issued.

Bishop Rowe has appointed the Reverend Frederick B. Drane as the editor of The Alaskan Churchman, and he will assume the work with the November number. We bespeak the same consideration for him—though we hardly feel it a necessary thing to do—that you have always given, and we know that in his hands, The Alaskan Churchman will move on to do better things than have yet been done.

And now, may I break away for the moment from the proper editorial "we" and say with full heart,

I thank you.



The Alaskan Churchman has always felt that "Missions" was its main contention. Nor are we intending to break away from that idea. We still feel that "Missions" is our main contention. Though some prefer, and we think with excellent reasoning, to speak of "Brotherhood" and not so much of "Missions." For they argue that if Missions be really Missions, and be a "Sending" in the Name of Jesus Christ, that it can only be Brotherhood. So we are just wanting to lay an emphasis again upon the fact of Missionary work. The fact remains, that only when the Church is alive to her opportunity, and is sending out men and women and means for them to work with, is the Church most alive in her home fields. We do not believe that you could show a single Church interested in a vital way in the spread of the Kingdom, that was dead to its own home interests. But we are sure that a great many Churches could be shown, who are not interested in the spread of the Kingdom, and who

are pretty well dead to everything else. You remember the story of the artist who was asked to paint a picture of a dead Church. The spectators thought to see some interesting picture of ruins overgrown with climbing ivy. Instead he had painted a wondrous building, with pews, altar, organ and all the other accessories of Church worship in richest array—but over the box marked "Missions" a spider had spun a thick web.

Today is a day of opportunity. It is a time where opportunity is knocking steadily for admittance. There are stirrings in the body of the Church which seem to presage great things. Among them the three year campaign, and the Every Name Canvass in the great Diocese of New York. May the Spirit of the Living God richly endow all who have to do with furthering that great campaign, and the work in the Diocese of New York, and may they bear fruit for the whole Church, and the spread of the Kingdom of God.



This is the year of the General Convention of the Church. There are serious and weighty problems to be worked out. We feel that we are right in urging all of our readers to join us in deep and earnest prayer that the Leaders of the Church may be guided aright, and may indeed be led only and solely by the Spirit of God.



We are giving you as our lead article in this number the story of the new St. George's Church at Cordova. This beautiful building was consecrated by Bishop Rowe on Easter Day, and stands as a visible token of the untiring work and unflagging zeal of the priest-in-charge, Rev. E. P. Ziegler. Mr. Ziegler and his charming helpmate have given themselves untiringly to the Church's work in Cordova, and for ten years' past has the work been carried on, leading up to the present lovely Church. The

Red Dragon, the well known Church club house and reading room, will of course be continued, but now there is to be the Church as well as the club room, which has for so long served both for club room and Church. To Mr. Ziegler's artistic ability and skill must be credited the beautiful lines of the Church, and its lovely interior. We are sure that all of our readers join with us in congratulating him on his ten years' of service, and this crown to his efforts for the Church and community.



The present day is a momentous one in the history of the Church. As some one has said, this Church of ours occupies a position of leadership in the Nation out of proportion to Her membership. This is due perhaps to the large part She played in the forming of the Nation, perhaps in part to the fact that often times the leaders of the Church among the laity have been at the same time leaders in our National life. Whatever be the facts in the matter that leadership is coming to a crucial testing. There are many forms of Spiritual, Moral and Social endeavor in which Churchmen have been successful. There are probably more forms in which they have failed. Today is no time for self-gratulation, nor is it a time for specious fault finding. It is a time for searching and finding the facts, and seeking to lay bare the truth.

Certain recent events have conspired to reveal to the Church Her latent powers. Probably the first of these was the Laymen's Missionary movement. Parishes and Dioceses were revitalized and rebuilt by the success of that movement. The next to stir the Church was the Nation-wide Mission. The Church was stirred. The embers began to kindle. Then came the triumphantly successful Clergy Pension Fund, revealing the vast capabilities of the Church. The war was the next apocalyptic. Men gave themselves, clergy sacrificed all to



go, women sought anywhere to find place to help. To keep the Church's work up to its standard almost double the amount asked was given. The gift of life was there and the gift of means behind the life.

The world is moving on big lines to-day. We cannot escape its obligations. If we think in ultra parochial or even ultra diocesan lines, we are thinking in outworn terms. Our thinking must be in terms of the whole Church. And thinking in those terms, we must think in terms of Her obligations. The three year Campaign is the biggest thing the Church has yet attempted. Not financially, but to make Churchmen and women realize the possibilities of the Church. To unfold to hitherto unseeing eyes, the vision of the Church's worth. To rouse the latent energies and wake the dormant powers of Her people. It is to be a Revelation. A Revelation to stir men's minds and hearts. To stir sleeping hopes and inspire slumbering wills. The Church has done big things. But here is the greatest of all. We must not be afraid to ask. Ask to the uttermost. Means, interest, life. Everything that can be given to make this a rebirth of the Church. Service must be the keynote—the watchword—the inspiration. Mightily girded to a mighty task, taking unto us the whole armor of God, may the Church at the end of these three years be flaming with the vast passion of service for God and Man.



The Alaskan Churchman has received in the last few weeks the notice of the



At St. Matthew's Church, Fairbanks, at the Bishop's recent visitation, there was a class of twelve confirmed. Of this number several were adults baptized by the rector, and others members of the Sunday School who had been bap-

married as children. Two splendid services were held, at which time the Bishop preached to congregations which taxed the capacity of the Church. The Bishop's many friends in Fairbanks were glad to greet him again.



A number of the workers in the Alaskan Mission are to leave this summer on regular furlough. Among these will be Miss Alice Wright of St. Mark's Mission, Nenana, and Arthur Wright of the same Mission. Miss Henrietta Barlow of the hospital at Ketchikan goes out after a number of years of valuable service for the Alaskan Mission. These workers will leave places that will be hard to fill. They have given themselves unreservedly to the work of the Church, and have made a place for themselves in the affections of both white and natives in Alaska. Miss Wright has done excellent and valuable work in the Mission of St. Mark's, and her presence and enthusiasm will indeed be missed. All of us know Arthur Wright, and know what he has meant to the work there. It will be hard to find someone to take his place. The Alaskan Churchman extends to all of them the very best wishes for a happy furlough, and the hope that their year Outside may be a pleasant and helpful one.

## NOTES

### NENANA.

The 28th of June will harbor its memories at St. Mark's, Nenana, as being not only the day the Peace terms were signed, but also the day Miss Ima Ruth Dayton, our teacher, was married to Sergeant Louis William Scanland, of the U. S. Signal Corps. While the Mission is decidedly the loser yet we wish them the greatest happiness of married life at Ft. Yukon, where Sergeant Scanland is to be in charge of the U. S. Radio Station. The ceremony was performed by the priest-in-charge, Rev. Frederick B. Drane.



### TANANA CROSSING.

One of the gratifying things that greeted the priest-in-charge on his visit to St. Timothy's Mission, Tanana Crossing, in May, was the spirit of co-operation that was manifested on the part of the natives in putting in the garden. For four days from ten to fourteen volunteered to serve as horses in plowing the gardens planted by Mr. J. A. Singleton for the Mission. In the absence of a horse, the men pulled the plow, and Mr. Singleton says they can out-work a team of horses. The wheat crop put in is a venture of some confidence, as we have demonstrated on a small scale that wheat will mature at this place. Eventually the readers of the Alaskan Churchman may see appeals for a small wheat mill, and when that day comes the cost of keeping our missionaries at this isolated station will not be so staggering.



In spite of the fact that St. Timothy's has been without a regular missionary this past winter, Mr. J. A. Singleton, a resident of that section, and an old friend of the Mission, seemed to fill the bill serving in the capacity of a caretaker, as much as one layman might be expected to do. While he has not

had a Church training, he could not refuse to preside, as it were, at the times when the natives gathered for service, nor could he have the heart to refuse them when they asked him to read the service, either for Sundays, or when there was a death, for the burial. When any one was sick, he gave them of his scanty supply of food, and sacrificed time and sleep to nurse them through. And the appreciation on the part of the natives was shown in the fact that they provided him with wood, so that not once did he have to cut his own. When one knows the native, he will realize this was an act of real devotion, in appreciation for what had been done. It was evident that after the year with no regular missionary, the people had retained their loyalty, and they besought the minister to importune the bishop for them until a new staff had been secured—only they wished to hold on to Mr. Singleton as well.



Word has been received that Archdeacon Hooker, of Helena, Montana, pledges \$300.00 toward a power boat for St. Timothy's, Tanana Crossing. At present the Mission must depend on the owners of the light draft steamers to carry up supplies at a very high freight charge. It is never certain whether a boat can make the delivery. So it is the hope of the Mission to own a light draft power boat of a size small enough to be easily handled, and just large enough to carry up the freight thereby eliminating the annual uncertainty as to whether a boat can be found to take the freight, and also reducing the cost of delivery by several hundred dollars annually. Such a boat will also be most useful there at Tanana Crossing for general use—getting down wood and meat, and meeting any other call. So we hope this means a boat is in sight for us.





THE NEW CHURCH

## St. George's Church, Cordova

(Written for The Alaskan Churchman.)



MOST, or all Church people know of the Red Dragon Club House in Cordova. They have heard of the work it has done, and of all that it has offered to men in the way of recreation and use for many years past. Doubtless many of our readers have sent magazines and books there for the use of the club room.

Now, for all these years past, the Red Dragon has had to be put to use as the Church, also. On Sunday, tables were pushed aside, and the Altar un-screened, and it became for the time being the parish Church. But this was a condition which it was not intended should continue. It had always been the hope of the people, the rector and the Bishop that a suitable and worthy

Church should be erected in that thriving town.

Alaska can practically claim the priest-in-charge, the Reverend E. P. Ziegler, as her own. For some years he studied and worked as a lay worker, was then ordered deacon, and finally after his last furlough year, was ordered priest by Bishop Rowe. So that not only all of his ministerial life, but a goodly number of years before that were spent in the service of the Church in Alaska. That he has wrought wisely and well the present lovely church testifies.

The Red Dragon Club House was established in 1908 by the Reverend E. P. Newton, under authority of Bishop Rowe, and during the construction days of the Copper River and Northwestern Railroad. It was designed to provide a

social home for those men who, without family ties in Alaska had been called by the lure of the North and by the hope of gain and adventure, and who found the open saloon and gambling house the only place where they could meet their fellows. The Red Dragon was enthusiastically received by hundreds of men. The Club House was equipped with pool table, piano and games, and smoking and social card playing were allowed, the only restriction being that those who came conduct themselves as gentlemen. The wide reputation gained by the Red Dragon is shown by illustrated articles in national weeklies such as *Colliers*, the *Literary Digest*, etc.

Rev. E. P. Ziegler, the present priest-in-charge, has completed his tenth year in Cordova, and the present Church is the outgrowth of his ministry. Varied and many have been his ministrations. In Church, camp, pool hall, or in the open air, he has ministered and preached, and thus reached a wide number of men.

St. George's Church is built on a plan prepared by Mr. Ziegler, and much of the artistic designing is due to his excellent taste. Many of our readers already know of this clergyman's ability as an artist. If you will look at the frontispiece, which gives an interior view of the lovely building, you will see the beautiful Altar piece, a copy of Ruben's "Descent from the Cross," painted by and given to the Church by the rector as a memorial to Mrs. George C. Hazelet, in loving recognition of her valuable help and inspiration in early days.

Two bronze tablets mounted on oak will be installed upon their arrival from the States, a memorial to M. J. Heney, who willed to Bishop Rowe ten thousand dollars for the work of the Church among the natives of the interior. A rich red carpet covers the chancel and choir. An indirect lighting system has

been installed, and the latest heating appliances keep the church comfortable. The handsome pulpit was made at the shops of the railroad company and was the gift of the California branch of the Woman's Auxiliary. A beautiful memorial bell of Meeneely bronze has been installed, and in the vestibule is a tablet with the following inscription:

"The bell in the tower is in memory of P. A. Tillard, and T. A. Tillard, killed in the battle of the Somme, 1916. Presented by Louisa D. Atkinson.

"Ring out the false,  
Ring in the true."

Cathedral chairs, and a beautiful sanctuary lamp from a Russian Church have also been given—the lamp by Mrs. Eames—and a gift made by Jessie Newlands Eldridge to purchase a memorial to her husband, George H. Eldridge of the United States Geological Survey. Mr. Eldridge was a Pioneer, as he came to Alaska in 1898 for the government, so that it is very fitting that there should be a memorial to him in an Alaskan Church.

So on Easter Sunday of 1919, the Bishop of the Jurisdiction, Right Reverend Peter Trimble Rowe, D. D., in the words of the solemn and beautiful consecration services of the Church, dedicated this lovely building to the glory of God and the service of man. In his address he spoke feelingly of all who had helped to make the Church possible, especially of Mr. E. C. Hawkins, chief engineer of construction of the Copper River and Northwestern Railway, in whose memory the building was erected; of Mr. M. J. Heney, the noted contractor of the road, who showed great interest in the work of the Red Dragon, and also of Mrs. George C. Hazelet, one of the early workers in the Church here.

This does not mean that the work of the Red Dragon will cease. Rather will it go on with renewed vigor and emphasis. Cordova is a live town. Full



of vigor, and with many opportunities. It was fitting that a building for worship and service should be erected, for now together these two buildings, the Church and the Club House, may stand, witnessing to the double ministration of

the Church's life. The mind and body of man, and the spirit of man. Seeking to bring to pass that spiritual manhood, that measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ.



✧ In the interest of the Church ✧  
 ✧ generally and the Nation-wide ✧  
 ✧ campaign in particular, the vari- ✧  
 ✧ ous Dioceses and Districts are re- ✧  
 ✧ quested to furnish stories and ✧  
 ✧ pictures of their activities which ✧  
 ✧ lend themselves peculiarly to ✧  
 ✧ striking description and illustra- ✧  
 ✧ tion. The News Bureau of the ✧  
 ✧ Nation-wide Campaign, at 124 ✧  
 ✧ East 28th Street, New York City, ✧  
 ✧ is prepared to receive all ✧  
 ✧ material of this nature and to ✧  
 ✧ give it wide distribution. ✧



## A Diary Worth Reading

This diary of the Rev. Wm. A. Thomas we consider well worth reading, presenting as it does some most interesting features of his work at Point Hope.—Ed.

January, 1919.

Monday, 27. Tem.-44



HE wind had subsided so we made our start at six. Light load. Eight dogs. Trail was heavy so I took two dogs at Bert's. One proved to be a loafer and I'll not whip a dog to make him go so we took him out in half an

hour and started him home. With the exception of Kitch and Lady, whose sore feet may give trouble, the team is in fine shape, tho soft.

Loose snow on the glassy lagoons compelled us to keep to the beach. Here the crust was hard but there were drifts of fresh loose snow which

made pulling slow and heavy. We made but poor time. Roy is a good boy on the trail and has become well acquainted with my dogs. They know him and Eider answers to him tho Buck pays no attention whatever. Buck will do anything for me and nothing for anyone else and I'm sorry to say it is more thru fear than otherwise. He was a hard leader to train and he will never forget who trained him.

It was clear and cold; more like the interior than the coast. The sun rose a little before ten emerging from a remarkable horizon. The mirage preceding it took the form of a great pear shaped balloon of flaming fire. The fields to the south are unusually rough this year and the high ridges added to the beauty of the sight.

We were opposite Toorah's abandoned igloo at noon and stopped for coffee and doughnuts. To our disappointment

the thermos flask had been cracked and the coffee was iced.

The trail was very rough around the Cape and we had to thread our way in and out among the irregular piles of ice cakes, keeping on the beach when we could. Cape Thompson, always an inspiring glory to behold, was never more grand than today. Tried several times to use the camera for views that I have not yet obtained, but the extreme cold had frozen the shutter so that it worked slowly and irregularly.

The fresh tracks of a small bear were visible now and then but the glasses failed to show his whereabouts. At several places he had been amusing himself by scrambling up the steep bluffs to let go and slide down the smooth crust. The signs pointed to this at any rate and it seems to me probable. Kleinsmidt says he has seen them thus amuse themselves on the ice.

Making the five points of the Cape in an hour and a half we were at Okatarak by two-forty-five. Both igloos were under deep snow, the reindeer herders being inland with the herd, and both presented tough propositions to dig into. It was a temptation to go on and try for Shinauelleck but the dogs were tired, darkness would soon be upon us and the little "hole-in-the-ground" is hard to find at night being half a mile back from the beach. We called it a day and started to dig snow. It proved warm work in spite of the forty odd degrees below zero and it took an hour to clear the passage way leading to the door. We could have gone in quickly thru the skylight but this could not be done without injury to the window. Inside we found no wood fit to burn and but a poor stove. The Primus developed a leak and not traveling by motor, we had no tool kit with us. A wrench was needed and we had none. It was eight by the time we had some coffee and did this at the expense of our grub box.

The dogs were crowded into the small entry and we crawled into our bags with the temperature of the igloo practically the same as we found it.

Tuesday, 28. Tem.-45

With no means of having fire, we arose early and were soon on our way. Shinauelleck was twenty miles distant and we must curb our appetites until we reached it. There dawned another clear cold day. Fine traveling and the trail was much improved. Except for an occasional lagoon it was all on the beach, while at this time last year I recall keeping to the sea ice and well out.

"Rosy-fingered" dawn was giving us considerable light on our way when Roy suddenly spied a big bear just across the high ridge of shore ice. I held the team, which behaved pretty well for a change, while Roy took a shot. This is the first trip I have made without a rifle and I might have expected to miss an opportunity like this. Roy's shot missed and, strange to say he did not try again tho the bear was within range for several minutes in spite of the remarkable speed he showed in getting over and around the jagged ice obstacles which beset his path.

Not long after this there was a white fox to be killed in one of Ooshuk's traps and this time the dogs raised the Old Harry. Even Buck tho he was a "fox hound" for the time being. We met Ooshuk soon after as he was visiting his traps and he told us he had come to his trapping cabin from Kivalina last night. Had we continued on yesterday we should have found fire and shelter tho it would have been at a late hour. It was twelve when we reached the cabin and as soon as we had satisfied our hunger and had made a cache of man and dog feed against our return, we were on our way. Lady limped some but Kitch held out remarkably and did fine work.



The trail returned to the beach after leaving the Shmauelleck river. It was quite free from gravel and we made good time. Tea at Shamaron's and then a long hard drag thru the darkness over a rough beach trail in to Kivalina. It was ten-thirty when we reached the school house where the thermometer showed -44. We were both touched by the frost. I having four distinct areas on my face. Shorty had a snow shed for the dogs in which they should be quite comfortable. Roy went to stay with his parents whom he had come down to visit while I availed myself of the mattress in the upper room of the school building.

Wednesday, 29. Temp.-50

Some writing done and many calls made thruout the day. Some of the people have gone up the river to the reindeer and fishing camps, fearing the coming of the Spanish influenza. There are but nineteen in attendance at school. The school room was nearly full for the service of Holy Communion at six but it was nothing like the crowd I usually find at Kivalina. There were but fourteen communicants present. After a rather long service in which we did a great deal of singing and I much talking, an infant, son of Ikoluk and Kyana, was baptised.

The people are well and happy and it is pleasant to be with them again. I would like to prolong my stay but owing to the existing quarantine it is necessary that I leave as soon as possible. My excuse for being here at all is the investigation, as commissioner, of reported violations of the quarantine. I have explained the matter so that it is understood and there should be no more trouble.

However, if there is any wind tomorrow, I shall not start. It is too cold for the dogs. With a day's delay I can still make Tigara late Saturday night.

Thursday, 30. Temp.-52

Roy reported the weather at an early hour: "No wind but—Lady freeze." That settled it and I settled back into the warm fur of the sleeping bag for another nap.

About nine, however, I visited the dogs and found them well rested and ready to travel. It was slightly warmer and a beautiful day. There is sure to be wind soon and if we can get around the Cape before it comes we will avoid a long delay here (Shinauelleck cabin). Telling Roy to be ready to go at one, I made a visit to the school to see the work and to bid Joe Sage good-bye. Packing took only a moment and lunch but a little longer and we were off at the appointed time.

The day was fine but so cold that we were compelled to keep up a lively trot with only an occasional ride on the sled. At twelve miles (Shamaron's) we cooked and ate our supper resuming our journey north in the darkness. Leaving the beach early we found the trail on the lagoons equally good and kept it. A faint aurora shone but its light was not enough to be of much service to us. It was necessary to keep the lantern on the back of the sled burning all the time to check up on the leader when the trails over the portages could be seen. Rarely could a track be found on the glassy lagoons but Buck had one all the time and we could occasionally see it. He did some of his best work and proved again that he "has a compass in his head." The "hole in the ground" is hard to find save in the clearest daylight but Buck took us straight to our destination, with never a word of direction from us.

It was nine o'clock and Ooshuk's family had just turned in. They received us hospitably and soon had the kettle hot. There was coffee in the thermos however, so we were soon ready for prayers and bed. It is -45 but calm.

We should be home late tomorrow night and once past Ketchemeleur the wind can blow to its heart's content.

Friday, 31. Wind N. Temp.-45

A cruel north wind arose with us bringing the deepest gloom upon our camp. In taking the temperature and making a poor shelter for the dogs with the sled and sled cover, I froze my fingers badly. Brod Lady inside the igloo as she was least well fitted to bear the great exposure which dogs are having to endure. There may be days of this and then go and chance it or stay and starve the dogs. We have beans in good quantity but that is about all. Ooshuk has plenty of fish and flour so we will have enough. There is a whale on the beach a half mile away and if we can get to it there is dog feed of a kind. We have a feed for tonight but that is all. There will be little difficulty in reaching the beach as it is down the wind but I doubt if we could get back. The force is that of a hurricane and nothing can stand against it.

Generally speaking this is something of a "mess." The igloo is but a crude shelter of turf, moss and ice built over a frame of wood. The floor measures not more than twelve by fourteen and only under the skylight can one stand upright. There is a good stove and fortunately a supply of wood sufficient for about a week. When the wood gives out we will have respite from the roof leakings at any rate. The thawing ice deluges us at all hours of the day but especially at times when there is a cooking fire burning.

In this little burrow are, at present, three men, two women, three children, one baby and two dogs. The children are well behaved and the baby does not cry. We have much to be thankful for.

In cutting down to a light load I made

the mistake of sparing all reading matter except the first volume of "Villette." There was abundance of candy but this I distributed among the Kivalina children before starting back. Likewise an extra food was left in Kivalina. One learns by experience in Arctic travel that distance is not a matter of miles but rather of weather conditions. In the interior it is quite different. We have a two days' supply of sugar, milk, mush; about four of coffee and about a week's of beans and bacon. If we are held longer than four days we will be dependent on Ooshuk who has, I doubt not, enough for his family and little more.

Roy and Ooshuk sleep all the time. It is the Eskimo's one way of passing the time when there is time to be passed. In hunting weather you will rarely ever find an Eskimo man at home but in all other states of weather he "has nothing to do." Cut off from "business" he enjoys an enforced holiday. His wife's "business" includes at all times the packing of wood and ice, care of the house, children, dogs, etc. I am now witnessing a perfect demonstration of this time honored usage.

The duties of the elder daughter, a strong able girl of marriageable age, seem to be of an indefinite nature. She arose about ten, spent a deal of time combing out her long handsome tresses and having devoured a frozen green fish, spent most of the remaining hours of daylight diddling over some knitting. Once, after supper, she worked. The wishes were washed.

Ooshuk awoke about two p. m. and mended the axe so that Katasunna could chop more wood for the fire. I awakened Roy and we took this work off her hands (much to her surprise I think.) If our stay is prolonged, I shall see that Roy shares this duty with me each day, custom or no custom. The two boys are husky youngsters so I get them



into the game too. They do not seem to know anything about work; have inherited the Eskimo idea of "letting mother do it."

Added to our other troubles, a great swelling has appeared on Lady's knee which I had to lance this afternoon. She is very low from exposure and may not survive.

"When in doubt, eat," says the Eskimo. We have had four distinct meals today. I contribute something from my small store and partake, in return, of the fish of which Ooshuk has a good supply, so that I have plenty to eat such as it is. The fish is usually served frozen along side of the inevitable pot of seal oil. I rather like plain green fish but cannot get used to the oil dip. This evening we had fish soup for a change, but as the fish were not cleaned I stood by the bean supply altogether.

About seven the wind seemed to be dying down and hope rose in our breasts. It proved a false alarm and soon the storm was raging with greater fury than ever. The outlook is not cheerful. The last of the dog feed is gone, the one lone volume is read and unless we can start in the early morning we cannot make Point Hope for Sunday.

Prayers were at nine-thirty and we turned in under a leaky ceiling.

#### February, 1919.

Saturday, 1. Hurricane wind N. Temp.-40

The hubbub at the skylight told us that we were doomed to spend another day at least in this damp, cold vault. The bags are warm and dry so we kept to them until nine o'clock.

Roy and I made an attempt to get some of the mukky (dead) whale which lies in the gravel of the beach about half a mile from this cabin. We had nothing out of our attempt but an adventure. Cleats would have helped some but I realized this too late. Could not

keep my footing and whenever the wind bowled me over I had to turn contortionist to avoid sitting upon and maybe dulling the edge of the axe I was carrying. We were blown to the beach in short order and there lost each other for some time. You could see nothing. The flying snow covering the face in spite of the blizzard hoods immediately melted and as quickly froze again making a thick ice mask. The eyes were frequently frozen shut and it was hardly safe to bare one's hands to remove the encrustment tho it must be removed before one can see anything. In such a wind as this there are occasional lapses when, by bucking low you can, with some effort, make headway against it, but these opportunities are of short duration; then you have to lie flat to escape being swept out upon the sea ice. Lying still for any length of time, however, was also out of the question. I would not have believed it possible that the wind could have cut thru the clothing I wore in the way that it did. Heaviest woolen underwear, deerskin pants, light flannel shirt, sleeveless jersey, heaviest "cruiser" shirt and my heavy deerskin parka. It was necessary to keep moving, and once together again we bent every effort toward getting back to the cabin. Tho unsuccessful in our project we were glad to know that a little moderation of the wind was all that was necessary to enable us to succeed and we determined to try again in the afternoon. The chance did not offer, however, and we were compelled to accept Ooshuk's kind offer of enough food for the night's feeding.

We did succeed in getting some ice from a point in the river about fifty yards from the house but it was hard on hands. We moved the dogs into a slightly better position and I am satisfied we have done all we can for them. They were so tightly curled up that it was necessary to shake some of them

to get them on their feet. Poor fellows, this is quite different from their snug barn at Tigara.

The small mission Hymnals which I carry with me are serving us well at this time. We sing for an hour each evening just before prayers. The "shut-ins" great and small, enjoy it thoroly.

One would judge from the way the "spring-house" is dripping that a "chinook" was upon us instead of a forty below blizzard.

Sunday, 2. Wind ibid. Temp.-38

The backbone of the storm was, I believe, broken last night. It is warmer this morning yet travel is out of the question so I shall make the most of our Sunday here.

Custom or no custom, intimacy with this particular group is bringing me many disappointments. My respect for the industrious Katasunna grows daily, but as for the rest—! Ooshuk is a strapping fine specimen of manhood and looks but ill taking his ease day after day while his wife labors incessantly, even to crawling out in the middle of the night to referee a dog fight in their quarrelsome kennels. There is a young lady present who would look well on a treadmill under a heavy pack. Roy is not as lively as he should be but he does take a hint now and then.

The children are very bright and cunning, especially Baby Benjamin whom I baptized a year ago November, and little Betty. They are quiet, comparatively speaking, and keep themselves amused in harmless pastime. The boys have to be directed or they would spend their time in imitation of their father. We built boats, sleds, houses, men and so forth out of matches of which I happen to have a great abundance. With these matches we also do problems in practical arithmetic. They have had little chance to go to school and are bright; Ooshuk is coming to Tigara next month and I am glad that the young-

sters will have a chance in our school.

We had a long service, mainly singing, as Roy is not enough of an interpreter to tackle a sermon.

Sugar is "pee-chuck" now but there is some tobacco left. It is tough to be without reading matter but to have to exist without the comforts of the pipe would be too much. In the old Ferreria cabin not twelve miles away, there is a cache of splendid magazines which was put there by the Mission against just such an emergency as this. This cabin is no longer used so I shall certainly move the cache at the first opportunity. Joe Ferreria was once held for nineteen days in this Ketchemeleur cabin while the fury of the blizzard forbade his venturing forth save for wood and ice which he had fortunately stored in great quantities near at hand.

Monday, 3.

I had decided to start one way or the other if there seemed the slightest chance of getting thru without freezing our dogs so Roy was up at six to build the fire. At this time the storm was at the height of its fury. The hubbub was something terrific and it seemed that the thin, skin window of the skylight must be torn out under the strain. We have to give up the idea for today.

There was little for breakfast except frozen fish. I envied those who can enjoy coffee without sugar. I cannot.

The great accomplishment of the day was the successful trip to the dead whale. It was found to be completely buried in the sand and gravel of the beach except in three small spots from which the wind had swept the covering. From one of these spots we nibbled off about a hundred and fifty pounds, mostly skin and blubber but a fair amount of red meat. The stuff was like iron and chopping most severe work under such conditions. Roy proved to be the master ax-man; Ooshuk and I could stand but short sessions. Some pieces, tho



small, required fifteen minutes chopping. The dogs' teeth will prove more efficient than our axe!

Kitch is frozen in parts and had to be brot in for attention.

Can it be that the wind is letting up! Oh! the unspeakable joy of resuming our journey tomorrow! But it's too early to begin holding thanksgiving.

(Later)—At eight the wind is as usual. It is colder tho I shall not take out the thermometer and intensify my sympathetic suffering for the exposed dogs.

With whale meat thawing out and uncleaned fish soup cooking at the same time the stench in here is pretty bad. I wonder that my appetite holds out so well. Wood cutting each day is about the only exercise one gets and for the remainder of the time a reclining position is necessary. One spends about twenty-three hours a day in or on one's sleeping bag.

Tuesday, 4.

It is doubtless the effect of the night which sharpens hearing and intensifies sounds but the wind always seems to me to be stronger then. About three this morning I sought to shut out the devilish hissing and whining by ducking under my pillow. It was useless.

Our little group here is to be taken as of a higher Eskimo type generally. The study is interesting. Morning ablutions (there are such) are, for instance, merely a form; an act, not a process. They do not cleanse. Each evening I give a public demonstration of washing as she should be done. Plunge in up to shoulders. After the show tonight I ceremoniously presented a cake of soap, of pleasantly fragrant variety, to the young lady present who received it graciously and will, no doubt treasure it long.

The thermometer shows a drop of twenty degrees tonight. Doubtless our term is at an end and freedom will be

ours tomorrow. However, I do not hope, will not be disappointed again. If the storm is over it is over.

Wednesday, 5. Slight wind N. Temp.-22

Home again! We arrived at eleven this evening with four of our dogs pretty well played out. Fifty miles thru loose snow and we ran practically all the way ourselves. I am glad that the Kivalina trip is not always as long and exacting as this last one proved to be.

The day and night have been perfectly charming and splendid for traveling. The Cape was magnificent and just off the Cape in the young ice were hundreds of seals. Just this side of the Cape a bear appeared on the trail over which we had just passed. He had heard us and was curious to see what we were. I held the team but the tow line parted freeing four dogs who immediately gave chase. Buck was in the lead and three dogs were fast to him. He responded to my call and came back bringing the others with him. The bear lost no time in making good his escape and we were fortunate in not having a long run in pursuit of our team.

At Sunshine's igloo we stopped for the last bit of coffee which the thermos contained and here purchased some seal meat for the dogs. Aveyeur gave us the only pilot biscuit (one) there was in the house and her mother kindly donated some uncooked muk-tuk. The dogs' feet were rebooted and we started on the last twenty miles of our journey at five p. m. It was a long hard pull, all on the beach.

Looking back on my stay with Ooshuk there stands out before everything else the patient, good nature of the Eskimo. It is a virtue that has of necessity survived thru long ages of toil and struggle against the relentless Nature of the North. He takes what comes and is thankful for small favors at the hand of the austere fortune which is his.



THE ALTAR AT SALCHAKET

## A Salchaket Soliloquy

(Written for The Alaskan Churchman.)



MAKING the year together, my dear, there isn't more night than day." These very familiar words come into my mind as I begin to write in the evening sunshine at 10:30 p. m.

It has been a day of plain scrubbing to erase the stains of mud brought in during weeks of rain. I cannot refuse water privileges to my women when my kitchen pump is so conveniently near and the river banks so steep and slippery.

After the hard work of cleaning was done, I took stock of the results, and was forced to think, "It looks very unlovely, and looks no better than it did before I started."

Enter Old Paul with an oil can and his wife with two teakettles. A critical survey and Old Paul says, "Good lookin; allee same silk," and Susie adds "Tsennan," which means "Thank you."

My morale becomes normal and I can agree with the poet quoted.

A review of a year's work may not be much more satisfactory.

A short time ago I was introduced to a burly man who began his conversation with: "I don't believe in this mission work. What good are you doing?"

I did not feel very well that morning. I had a troublesome tooth, the roof had sprung a leak just over my hat box, the bread had burned while I was doing up a cut hand, I missed getting my letters on the out-going stage, and the incoming one had not brought the letter I particularly wanted. I was ready for reprisals, and so I answered: "Of what good is anybody? What are you doing?"

I suppose anyone has the right to ask what a mission is doing, but if we tried to answer definitely it would be like digging up seeds in our gardens to see if they had sprouted.

The people are happier in the mission



villages. The cabins are cleaner. The aged are treated with more consideration.

I wish they were a more mirthful people, but life for them is no joke. The matter of getting a living is a serious problem. Just now all are busy making fish wheels and traps. If the canneries on the lower river do not stop the run, if the water is not too high, if the rains do not interfere with the curing process, if the sand storms do not come and spoil the half-cured fish, they hope for a prosperous season.

There are almost as many "ifs" in the hunting season. The "just for fun" hunters sometimes drive the moose far away. If they kill few, they have not enough to buy "grub." "Always we work for grub," one man told me today.

What mission worker has not been filled with intense desire to create an industry for them—to push them into the way of material prosperity. It is hard to teach the duty of kindness to a people hungry for jam and sugar, when they know there is a supply at the mission.

Here, sometimes, we must deny ourselves the benefit that comes of self denial, nor can we always be hospitable when visits are timed to the dinner hour.

The festival occasion is near some holiday season, or when some one has killed a moose and gives a potlatch. At Christmas this was a social "function." A large sled filled with moose was in the middle of the cabin, and stacks of dried fish were at the corners. There were calico and tea and small quantities of groceries, and the master of ceremonies gave it all away. I received a piece of meat and a dry fish for my cat. Everyone seemed satisfied with their present.

Then the room was cleared for dancing. The "Salchaket ladies" are said to be the finest dancers in the country. I asked for one of the old dances, and

a particularly weird one was started. Old Saline danced with all her might and every muscle was apparently in action. Suddenly she left the circle, seized both my hands, and said, "Jackson— my father's song. I very sad," and tears were running down her face, but she dashed back to her place and finished the dance.

I like to see them at their native work. The women cure the moose hides, but it is hard work and the men are beginning to help. This is quite a progressive set. "I not let my lady wash the dishes; I work all the time," one man told me. Before he finished he told me that the Salchaket ladies were as good as men. They could get my wood fine.

Old Paul is the "good man" of the village—a maker of snow shoes and the old time stick gun with steel and bone-tipped arrows. He tells me that he is much happy in his heart when he is working with his knife. He is too old to hunt. I like these old people—like to think of their being with those who, "groping blindly in the darkness, touch God's right hand in that darkness and are lifted up and strengthened."

E. L. JACKSON.



We have received the following announcement:

Mrs. M. B. Elwood announces the marriage of her daughter, Lura, to the Reverend Edwin W. Hughes on Friday, April 25th, nineteen hundred and nineteen, Anchorage, Alaska.



All subscribers are asked to take notice that subscriptions or communications for The Alaskan Churchman, should be hereafter addressed to The Alaskan Churchman, Nenana, Alaska. As noted above, the Reverend F. B. Drane has been appointed editor to succeed the Reverend H. H. Lumpkin, who is leaving on regular furlough.



MAKING THE WOOD FLY

## The Children of Anvik and the Lenten Offering

(Written for The Alaskan Churchman.)



LENTEN offering should be more than merely a contribution. Of course, we all feel that. Here are three things that we consider desirable:

1. Good conduct.
2. Self-denial.
3. Enthusiasm.

With regard to conduct, the children are graded in three classes. A first class pupil must have a high mark, 9 to 10, as to prompt and careful performance of his usual duties in the house, in school and out of doors. The record is made daily. If he succeeds in getting this high mark from each of three of us

to whom he is responsible, he gets a dark blue slip of paper.

A second class pupil gets a light blue slip, and is marked from 7 to 9.

A third class pupil gets a buff slip, and is marked from 5 to 7.

The average for twelve days has been very high. So far only one buff slip has been turned in, and on two days all brought the dark blue slips that indicate the first class.

So much for good conduct. As for self denial, we set ourselves to do a job of real work. That is, helping to saw and put away in the woodshed some twenty cords of wood that was piled in the yard. We hope to do this before Easter. In order to ac-



comply with it it will be necessary to give an hour a day to this work. None are allowed to take part in the working hour unless their ordinary duties have been attended to. First class pupils are allowed credit towards their Easter offering at the rate of six cents an hour. Second class pupils are allowed five cents, and third class pupils four cents.

We set ourselves to earn not less than twenty dollars. The record for twelve days stands at \$11.50.

As for enthusiasm, we have taken a hint from the aviation service. Some of the children belong to the Bishop Rowe Circus. Others belong to the Archdeacon Stuck Circus, and



A "CIRCUS" AT WORK

the rest belong to the Deaconess Sabine Circus. The Deaconess Sabine Circus is in the lead.

The pictures show some of the enthusiasm, but to realize it fully you should see the sticks fly.

JOHN W. CHAPMAN.



## Cereal Possibilities of Interior Alaska

(Written for The Alaskan Churchman.)



It is not our purpose to set out to tell you that Alaska now has great grain fields, that produce all the grain that the people can use, and that can support a great population in the future.

At the same time, what is here written is written from personal observation and experience, and we do know that Alaska in the interior is not like the description given in a reputable geographical history, that "Alaska is a country with great mountain ranges. But in the interior there are some valleys where hardy vegetables may be raised."

The fact remains, however, that already, with a comparatively sparse population, the whir of the gasoline tractor may be heard, as it cuts the grain, and then threshes and winnows it, ready for the mill. And the writer of this article has a number of times eaten bread made from some of the wheat grown in this Tanana Valley, and very

good bread it is too. You may see a picture of a loaf here.

For a number of years the government has been establishing and building up Agricultural Experiment stations in different sections of Alaska, whose duty it is to select and breed grains and other food products that will be suitable for this climate, and that will tend to make it so that a native population may be assured a livelihood.

Now, just by way of diversion, it might be good to give a few facts as to the climate and also the size of Alaska, for sure it is that there are many who do not realize either the climate or the size of this our Northern possession. For one thing, did you ever realize that if the easternmost point of Alaska rested on Charleston, South Carolina, the westernmost projection would just about touch Los Angeles, California? Some width, is it not? Did you know that the mean climate of Seward, Alaska, is not so severe as that of Washington, D. C? The total num-



THE UNITED STATES EXPERIMENT STATION, FAIRBANKS

ber of acres in Alaska are some 375 million, so that when Uncle Sam bought this possession from Russia, it cost him about two cents per acre. Now when you also realize that the annual exports of Alaska are nearly one hundred million dollars, you will see that Alaska has paid quite a tidy interest on the investment, which some of our governmental humorists of former years were pleased to call "Uncle Sam's Polar Bear Farm."

One other thing in regard to the size of Alaska. This territory is nearly twice the size of the Thirteen Original States, and is larger than England, Scotland, Ireland, Norway, Sweden and Finland combined.

Now note this fact. There are five provinces of European Russia, all lying wholly within the same degrees of lati-

tude as Peninsular Alaska, which have a less area than Alaska, and more than one hundred times as many people. Alaska's valleys are fertile, and broad, and on the sunny southern slopes of her hills, the opportunity is open for the future.

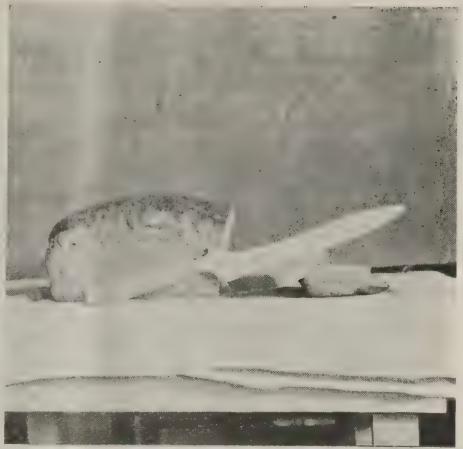
We have thought too much of Alaska as a land of mining. When the first hardy souls dared to plant a few seeds, just as an experiment, they were laughed at for their pains. Yet the seed grew and matured. Today there can be grown in Alaska almost every vegetable known to the temperate zone, and many of them of flavor and nutritious quality surpassing anything that can be produced in the States.

Facts from the Government Experiment stations seem to surely bear out the statement that Alaska will be able to produce



her own bread stuffs in the near future. The past five years' work at the United States Experimental Stations have proven that there are varieties of wheat that can be grown in this country that will give yields equal to the average yields for wheat in the States. Milling of this wheat is now an actual fact in the Tanana Valley and a number of farmers are now producing their own wheat and having it ground at the experimental Station at Fairbanks, where a small roller mill has been erected. Only graham flour has been milled to date, but a bolting attachment is now under construction for this mill, and two grades of flour will be on the market this coming fall.

Several different varieties of wheat have matured in this region different seasons, but none were early maturing enough to be relied upon until the wheat known as Russia H. G. received from the experiment station at Irkutsk, Si-



A LOAF OF ALASKAN BREAD

beria, some six years ago, was grown here and found to mature every season for the past five years. It is now grown in considerable acreage and has yielded from 12 to 36 bushels per acre. The past year, 1918, the average yield for this variety in the Tanana Valley was about 48 bushels per acre. The wheat is very hard, has a small berry, grown in short heads on rather short straw, and matures in from 90 to 105 days, depending upon the season. As a graham flour, it is superior to any that has been shipped into the country.

Other varieties of wheat have produced as high as 46 bushels per acre, and will give an average yield of about 20 bushels per acre, but some seasons the milling quality is damaged by frost and it will not make good flour in such seasons. However, it will mature seed sufficiently for planting.

Several varieties of oats and barleys are grown successfully every year. Yields of oats range from 30 to 80 bushels per acre, while that of barley ranges from 15 to 40 bushels. These grains have been raised in the past principally for hay, but now that there are threshing machines in the country wheat, oats and barley are grown for the grain for seed and feed. Self-bind-



TANANA VALLEY WHEAT



A GOVERNMENT GRAIN FIELD

ers and other machinery for grain growing are appearing on the farms, and the harvesting of grain and hay by scythe and cradle is giving way to the more modern methods employed by farmers in the States. Farm tractors have been introduced and have proven to be the natural solution of power on the farms where horses formerly worked a few months and ate their heads off during the long winter months.

Grain and hay are worth three cents per pound above the prices prevailing in the States and find a ready market among the teamsters who haul freight to the mining districts.

Potatoes have been the money crop in this region in years past, but are now giving way to grain and grain hay. Large yields of potatoes of very fair quality have been grown in the interior

of Alaska in the more favorable seasons, and fair yields have been grown every year. There are now a number of varieties of potatoes grown here that mature and give very good yields of excellent quality. Many varieties have been tried out and discarded because they would not mature in this region.

Improvement of the standard varieties have been undertaken by selection and new varieties are being produced by growing from the potato ball, and from these so grown many selections have been tried out with some success. Grain breeding is carried on at Rampart, Alaska, at 65° 30' North, with good success. A goodly number of promising varieties of barley, oats and wheat have been produced and are being tested out and distributed among the farmers of the territory every season.





A SHEAF OF OATS

Livestock is gradually taking its place on the farms, and at no distant day, Alaska will produce all the pork, beef, and mutton needed in its mining camps. Wild meat, while growing less plentiful will be drawn upon to less extent than now and will be available for wider markets than at present. The reindeer and caribou herds will be increased until all the pastures now known will produce meat for export trade.

The total area that has agricultural possibilities, exclusive of reindeer and caribou pastures, amounts to over 100,-

000 square miles, while the natural pastures for the reindeer amounts to considerably more than this. A great deal of the land fit for cultivation is covered with forest at the present time. This insures the fuel supply for many years to come. Through these forests roam the moose in considerable numbers, and woodland caribou occupy the natural parks and outlying areas of these forests. Edible wild berries of many different varieties grow here abundantly. Garden truck grows quickly and of the best quality in the interior during the long days of June, July and August. There is sufficient moisture from the rainfall and the melting ice below the surface of the ground practically to insure the garden every year.

There are many people in this Northland who really like the climate. For the man who likes the out-of-doors life, there is none more fascinating than that offered here. For the city man or woman, who sees but little of the out doors, during the winter it is rather severe. The summer climate is ideal. The mosquito is here, but so are the people. The mosquito must go because the people are here and mean to stay here and clear the land and destroy the breeding ground for the mosquito. No cyclones and but very little lightning and thunder disturb us here.

Alaska is a land of great possibilities. She has sent into the Nation's coffers untold wealth in the past. She is gradually opening her storehouse of riches, and giving freely to all who come. She is not alone a mining center. Coal, oil, fisheries, sealing, lumbering, copper, and many other rare and precious minerals are now offering themselves to the hardy seeker. But that these may live and prosper, that they may come to make Alaska a land of homes as well, it is necessary that those things which go to keep up a strong and vigorous life be produced. The facts seem to

bear out the statement that they will be produced. That Alaska does hold out cereal possibilities of the truest kind. And that the day is not far distant when we shall not have to turn to the States for our bread, our oats, our barley and indeed for many other of the things that support life seems certain. And

that for a population waxing greater as they realize the possibilities of the country, there will be fields of waving grain, potatoes, live stock and indeed all the things of earth's produce that go to make a land of homes and a contented and prosperous people.

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## Our Hunting Trip

(Written for The Alaskan Churchman.)



It started on February 18 on our hunting trip. The first day we went 12 miles, we could go more that, but we had heavy loads. We had eight dogs, five dogs on one sled and three on the other sled. There were nine of us, some of the boys are small and couldn't go very fast. The camp we made was a siwash camp. We dug the snow away until we made a place big enough. Then we put lots of spruce boughs on the ground and put some logs along the sides. We made a big fire in front and spread our blankets on the spruce boughs and take off our wet moccasins and wring them out and hang it up to dry, while some of the boys cook. After we ate our supper we washed the dishes and cooked for the dogs and get lots of wood to last over night. Then we sit around the fire and tell stories.

We get up early in the morning and have breakfast and pack the sleds up and start. It took us four days to get to the caribou hills. On the fourth day we had to walk in water all day long and our feet were wet to the skin. We made siwash camps all way up until we got to the mouth of the Middle river canyon, there we pitched our tent. The next day we four biggest boys started to hunt on the hills for caribou. But there was too much

wind and the wind was blowing the snow around so that we couldn't hardly see ahead of us so we went home. The next day we started to hunt for moose, because there was too much wind to go on the hills. We hunted all day but we didn't see anything.

There was no caribou on this side of the canyon so we decided that we four biggest boys should go through the canyon and hunt on the other side while the small boys stayed home. The next day we started we left one gun behind with the boys. When we got to the canyon the water was flowing on top of the ice so that we had to turn back. When we got near to the camp we heard the boys shooting away with the gun we left with them. The canyon was one mile and a half away from our camp. When we got to camp our feet were wet to the skin the water was about a foot deep. We told the boys that eight brown bears chased us back, and they got pretty scared. We were gone about an hour and a half and the boys shot away six boxes of cartridges and ate nearly all the candy up. The next day we went hunting on the hills three of us. We hunted all day but we didn't see anything, so we started home. Just as we were sliding down a steep place on our snowshoes we saw a bunch of caribou in front of us. We started to shoot it was quite a long ways and I had fix-



ed my gunsight for 800 yards. The caribou were going around the hill, so we head them off and came close to them we started shoot and one of the boys shot one and wounded three. Arthur told me to go after them. So I started and I saw one standing in a deep snow. I shot at him three times but all my shots went high and I looked at my sight and it was fixed for 800 yards. I had forgotten all about the sight I was so excited. I put the sight down and I took a shot at the caribou again, I didn't know the caribou was wounded because he was standing up and walking and he didn't even limp so I aimed below his shoulder blades, just as soon as I shot the caribou jumped up in the air and turned toward me. I never hunted caribou before and I thought he was going after me, but he fell down dead. We cut the caribou up and started home. It was dark by this time and we lost our way. We went down a little creek, after we went a long ways the creek started to get narrow and there the creek fell down about twenty feet and it was straight down, so that we couldn't go down. We had to climb a steep place and hang on to anything you could hold, if any of us slipped we would have fallen about twenty feet and fall on the ice. We had heavy packs and were pretty tired. After we passed the fall we started to go down the cliff again. It was so steep that we had to use our gun straps and tie them to little bushes and hang on to them. After a while we got down and took a rest, then we started. When we were close to camp we shot two times to let the boys know we were coming. When we got to camp we found some of the boys asleep. We took off our moccasins and had something to eat and went to bed. The next day we hauled the meat to camp with the dogs. We started home the next day. It took us three days to get home.

We were going to camp out for two weeks on the middle river. It took us three days and a half to go where we want to go. When we got there we had our dinner, afterwards we began to make camp. We had siwash camp all the way up.

Two three childrens went up the same day. About one day afterwards we had our dinner where they stayed over night and we found a piece of fat. We used it for Indain candle. We used it because we forgot to get some candle. We got the top of an baking power can and put the fat into it and then put a long string in the middle and set a match to it. That make a very good candle for a Indain man. After we made supper and eated some beans bisket and some tea. After we began to sing "Peg o' My Heart."

[These two stories by two of the boys at St. Mark's Mission, Nenana, tell how the boys went after game to replenish the Mission larder. Editor.]



Episcopal visitations in Alaska are not always made in the most luxurious way. When Bishop Rowe came in this summer for his regular visitations, it was with the expectation of traveling with the Archdeacon in the Mission launch, Pelican. But the Pelican developed engine trouble of an obstinate character, and it was necessary for the Bishop to be on the way again. So at Fort Yukon, he secured an open poling boat, rigged up a little Yukon stove in it for cooking purposes, and hired some one to help navigate the craft down stream. Now, the distance from Fort Yukon to Tanana is in round numbers, three hundred and fifty miles; and this whole distance was traveled in the open poling boat. Stops were made at Beaver, Stephen's Village, and at Rampart, and the Bishop was thus enabled to give time to these different places, which would not have been possible in the large steamer.



ST. MATTHEW'S, EASTER 1919

## A Snowless Easter

(Written for The Alaskan Churchman.)



IT is not often in Alaska that Easter comes without snow everywhere. Last year, coming as it did somewhat early, there was deep snow everywhere, for in addition to the usual snow that would be on the ground, there was an extra heavy fall of "the beautiful" and instead of our average depth of some eighteen inches or so here in the interior, we had nearer four or five feet. So that when the Easter season came we had snow in plenty, and even after the Feast, there came another heavy fall. But this year of 1919 we had a comparatively light fall during the whole of the winter. So that by the time the middle of April had arrived, with the sun warming up the hills and valleys, all except the sheltered spots, and the north sides of the hills, had given up their white mantle. So we had a snowless Easter. But not a green Easter. The only thing

that was showing that could be construed as offering the joys of the spring-tide, were the pussy willows that we always depend upon for our Altar decorations. Some years when Easter is early, we have to bring them in and in the warmth of our rooms force them into coming out into the light of day. But this year, every willow tree was full, and it was a comparatively easy matter to secure sufficient for the decorative effects needed.

It has been the custom for the past few years, for the Alaska Commandery of Knights Templar—which I believe is the Farthest North Commandery in the world—to attend St. Matthew's Church on Easter Day. And this year was to be no exception. But a change was to be made in the hour. They were to come at the evening service, instead of the morning one. So other services were shifted, except of course, the great Easter Commemoration, and at the eleven a. m. service, the young people of



the Sunday School had their opportunity to celebrate this beautiful Feast of Christendom.

You may think it difficult to celebrate Easter properly without the accompaniments to which you have become accustomed. The warmth of the air, the brightness of the season and flowers, the heavy perfume of the lilies on the Altar. But truly, I have found it possible to hold the Easter celebration here in the Northland, without many of the accessories to which we had become accustomed in the past, and to feel its reality and truth just as much as in some great building, radiant with the glory of the Easter flowers, and the warmth of the sweet spring-tide. I know that I always had a rather deep rooted prejudice in regard to artificial flowers, but when one finds that it is possible to secure really excellent representations of Easter lilies and leaves, and that they add to the decorative effect instead of detracting from it, why naturally, we fall back on such artificiality for the sake of carrying out the Easter idea as far as possible. And from the picture, you can tell that it was not entirely without its effect.

Two celebrations of the Holy Eucharist were held, in order that those might come who desired, and in order to give them a proper opportunity. Two of those quiet, solemn services, which seem so in keeping with the great Feast, and which to my mind, more than any great ornate service of music and praise, seem to rest and strengthen and uplift the soul. Not that the service with every adjunct of ritual usage, and solemn ceremonial has not its power. Indeed it has. But more I think in the nature of a sort of exultant accession of spiritual fervor than of the quiet strengthening which comes in that hour we spend in the stillness of the Low Celebration.

The young people had full opportunity to render their service and make their

Easter offering. So far as the offering goes, it was the best since the present priest has been in charge. The service was simple and helpful, especially a number rendered by a group of little girls, all of whom are in the vested morning choir, and who in their vestments, with arms full of the pussy willows, gave the Easter story. The younger children of the primary department also beautifully gave an Easter song, illustrated with the Easter lily, which each one held. Those same artificial lilies which I mentioned before. Their carols rang out with earnestness, and a congregation which filled the Church, gave to the young people new zest for entering into their service, and making it hearty and helpful.

Of course, the coming of the Knights makes quite an event for the service they attend, and a delightful service had been prepared by a choir of willing adult singers. We are fortunate in this Northland to have many excellent singers. In fact, in times past there was a choral club maintained in Fairbanks. And it is always possible to secure additional voices for special services. So that with a choir of some ten singers, we were able, in this little log Church, to render splendidly appropriate music, and thoroughly in keeping with the day. To tell you that the anthems rendered were Gounod's "There is a Green Hill Far Away," and Simper's "King of Kings," and that the offertory solo was Granier's "Hosanna" will help you to understand the quality of the music given. But really to know what it was, you should have been here to listen and enjoy it. The Church was crowded to the doors, even the vestibule being filled, and the service of music, being thoroughly prepared, could be rendered with that unconsciousness of actual effort, which marks a helpful service, and the work of trained singers.

This of course does not give in much detail the services of the day at St

Matthew's, Fairbanks. It is a little difficult to add the detail. So you will have to take this brief sketch of the Easter Feast here in Fairbanks, and try and add some of the details yourself. But possibly, however, nearly you might approximate the actual items and incidents of the day, you could not, I think, realize what the day meant to all of us here, and how it brought in truth and reality the Easter Celebration home to our minds and hearts.



### Acknowledgments

"While we have time, let us do good unto all men; and especially unto them that are of the household of faith."

The Alaskan Churchman gratefully acknowledges the receipt of the following:

General—Mrs. E. Galbraith, \$10.00; Mrs. E. B. Meredith, \$1.00; Miss E. M. Dawes, \$4.00; Miss E. G. Suydam, \$.50; Mrs. W. G. Hibbard, \$10.00; Miss C. C. Forbes, \$4.00; Miss Spriggs, \$1.00; Mrs. J. D. Hewitt, \$1.00; Mrs. G. A. Draper, \$2.00; Miss Jane B. Barnard, \$1.00; Miss Frances H. Finley, \$2.00; Miss M. C. Miss M. H. Jones, \$2.00; Miss Biddle, \$1.00; Mrs. Lucy P. Coke, \$1.00; Miss M. Townsend, \$4.00; Miss M. A. Hodgson, \$4.00; Mrs. W. J. Keyser, \$1.00. Previously acknowledged, \$130.19.

Scholarships—Miss Eliza J. Bailey for the Diocese of Marquette, \$50.00; Miss Myrtle L. Wicks, G. F. S., Springfield, Mass., \$5.00; Miss K. Levan, Treas. G. F. S., Diocese of Bethlehem, \$50.00; Miss Anna Rose Anderson, Horace Mann School, \$33.00; Mrs. E. W. Babcock, Auxiliary of Christ's Church, Troy, N. Y., \$100.00; Miss J. H. Rhoades, \$50.00. Previously acknowledged, \$580.00.

Tanana Crossing. St. Timothy's Mission—St. Martin's Church, Charlotte, N. C., \$30.00; Miss Elizabeth Hicks, Mission Chapter, Zion and St. Timothy's \$25.00; Mrs. A. Frost-Stout, Mission Chapter, Zion and St. Timothy's \$15.00;

Miss Lucretia B. Evans, Auxiliary of Christ's Church, Riverdale, N. Y., \$5.00; Mrs. Thomas Fleming, Jr., Pittsburgh, Penn., \$20.00.

#### Totals:

General .....	\$187.69
Scholarship .....	868.00
Door and Window Fund .....	35.00
Care of the sick .....	48.13
Tanana Crossing .....	95.00

Total .....\$1,233.82



### Appeals

Wanted, at St. Mark's Mission, Nena-na, knitted stockings and yarn for knitting them. The girls have all learned to knit and enjoy doing it. These stockings wear much longer than those bought at stores, and so give the greatest satisfaction to the one who mends them, as well as the greatest comfort to the children who wear them.

2.—The sum of \$10 to pay for a door and two windows for a native cabin. One of the chief causes of illness is the crowding together of the people. Many cabins have been built, but more are being built each year, and we must have the doors and windows. To each Indian building his cabin the Alaskan Mission gives a door and two windows, which cost \$10 here.

3.—The sum of \$100 to provide for one Indian child for a year at Christ Church Mission, Anvik.

4.—The sum of \$100, to provide for one Indian child at St. Mark's Mission, Nenana, for one year.

5.—Books and magazines for the Red Dragon, Cordova, Everyman's Club-house, Valdez, All Saints' Church, Anchorage, and the Geo. C. Thomas Memorial Library, Fairbanks. Send all packages by mail, addressed as above.



## Representatives

The Alaskan Churchman is represented by the following persons, who are authorized to receive subscriptions and answer inquiries. We shall be glad to hear from any who would be willing, as missionary work, to act in this capacity:

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## Standing Notices

MAIL—All Alaskan Post Offices, with the exception of a few of the most distant, receive unlimited quantities of all classes of mail in the Summer.

In the Winter, this same rule applies to all Coast towns as far North as Seward (other places, such as St. Michael, Nome, etc., are frozen in and therefore have to depend upon the land trails for their mail).

All points in the Interior that receive any mail in the Summer, receive some mail in the Winter, according to the particular contract. But, in all cases, first class mail is given preference over all other classes. Magazines and newspapers come next. Packages are never carried unless all other classes combined, fail to bring up the total to the weight required. Those points which are fairly accessible receive at least a weekly mail. The Allakaket receives a monthly mail, and Fort Yukon has a twice-a-month service. Point Hope receives several mails during the Winter, via Nome, which has a weekly service. Anvik receives mail but once a month, being off the regular trail.

As a general rule, our agents mail any articles which our winter will accept. Once they will eventually reach the nations.

FREIGHT—All freight is carried through the Bering Sea by Mr. A. H. H. Building—particulars.

EXPRESS—All express is carried by the Alaska Express Co. The rates are very low, and the service is very prompt. The Alaska Express Co. is the only one of the kind in Alaska.

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The Right Reverend Peter Trimble Rowe, D. D. (Office 418 Mutual Life Building, Seattle, Washington.)

### ARCHDEACON

The Venerable Hudson Stuck, D. D., (Residence at Fort Yukon.)

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Anchorage—All Saints' Church:—  
Rev. Edwin W. Hughes.

Anchorage—Outlying Camps, Railroad work, etc:—

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Chena—St. Paul's Chapel:—  
(See Tanana Valley Mission.)

Chena Native Village—St. Barnabas—(See Tanana Valley Mission):—

Chitina—(Visited from Cordova.)

Circle City—Church of the Heavenly Rest:—(Vacant.)

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Fort Yukon—Matthew's Church and  
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Pitmegea, and Pitmegea  
Campkin.

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Juneau—Holy Trinity Cathedral:—  
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Camps Visited:—Thane and Perseverance.

Latouche—Visited from Valdez.

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Stephen's Village:—  
Miss Harriet M. Bedell.

Tanana—Mission of Our Saviour at Tanana (Indian Village) and St. James' Church at Tanana:—  
Blind Paul, Native Lay-Reader.

Tanana Crossing—St. Timothy's Mission—  
(See Tanana Valley Mission):—  
Mr. and Mrs. D. L. McConnell.

Tanana Valley Mission—Including Native Missions along the Tanana River:—  
Office of Tanana Valley Mission, Nenana

Rev. Frederick B. Drane (P. O. address, Nenana.) See also Chena, Chena Native Village, Nenana, Salchaket, and Tanana Crossing.

Valdez—Epiphany Church:—  
Rev. George John Zinn.

Wrangell—St. Phillip's Mission:—  
Rev. H. P. Corser.

Missionaries on furlough in the States (address at the Church Missions House, 281 Fourth Avenue, New York City.)

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